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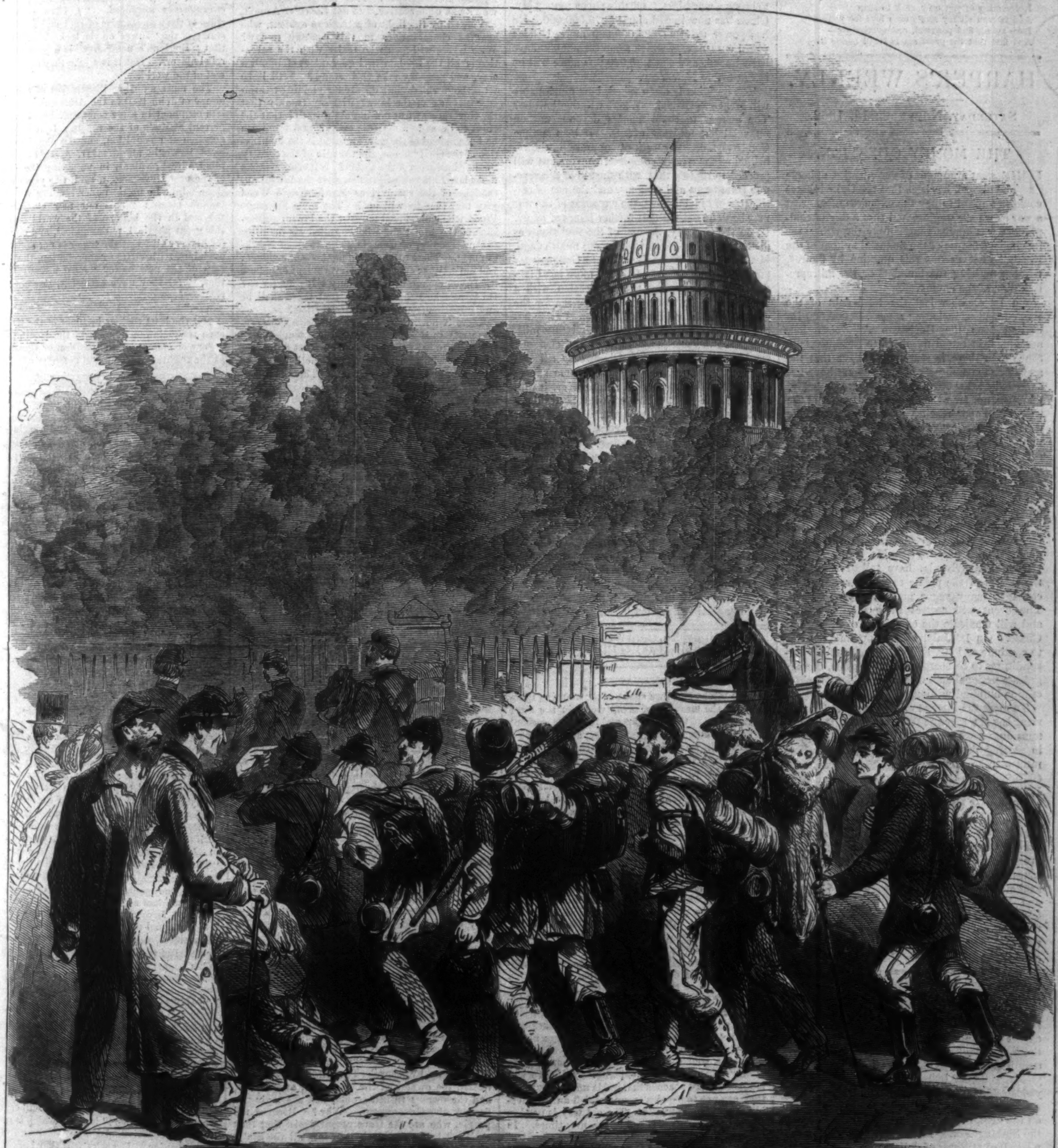

CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS PASSING THROUGH WASHINGTON TO JOIN THEIR REGIMENTS.—Sketched by Mr. A. Oertel.—[See Page 733.]

"WHAT DO I DREAM OF?"

BY VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT do I dream of? Far from the low roof,
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you;
Of you, young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall.
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At evening moor'd beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves opening all their nostrils, breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to land, from land to sea, given back—
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you,
Children, and house, and home, the tables set,
The glowing hearth and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind;
And while before me, cover'd with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite sea,
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I, dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful, and everlasting—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE great argument of our enemies, at home and abroad, has been that the United States could not afford to pay the expenses of so great a war as we are waging, and that a day of compromise was approaching simply through "the inevitable collapse of the financial system of the North." Let us test this question by figures, without noticing the blunders or the misrepresentation of the enemy.

On 1st October last the total debt of the United States, including some $75,000,000 inherited from the Buchanan Administration, amounted, in round numbers, to $620,000,000. Since then there is reason to believe that the aggregate expenditures of Government have not exceeded $1,200,000 a day. We are probably, therefore, not far wrong when we say that at the time this paper reaches its readers the public debt will fall short of $670,000,000, at an annual charge for interest of something under $25,000,000. As the great expenditures of Government for arms and equipments have already been incurred, we take for granted, without much fear of being mistaken, that $1,200,000 a day, or $36,000,000 a month, or $432,000,000 a year will enable us to carry on this war for several years to come. Persons unacquainted with finance, like Mr. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, have talked loosely on the subject of the public expenditures, and encouraged many vague notions on the subject. The event will correct these idle estimates, and will vindicate the calculations of Secretary Chase. On 1st July, 1863, supposing the war to continue so long, and every dollar of our expenditures to be borrowed of the public, the aggregate national debt will fall considerably short of nine hundred millions of dollars.

To meet the interest on this sum the Government has the revenue from taxes and from customs duties. It was the intention of Congress, in passing the new tariff and internal revenue measures, to secure an aggregate revenue of $175,000,000—that is to say, enough to defray, 1st, the interest on the debt; 2dly, the civil expenditures of Government; and, 3dly, the annual charge for a sinking fund to extinguish the principal of our national debt within a given time. Contrary to the expectation of almost every financial authority, the revenue from taxes and customs proves larger than the most sanguine estimate of the Committee of Ways and Means. The tariff will probably yield $80,000,000 instead of $60,000,000, and should there be a fair prospect of an early termination of the war even more: the Internal Revenue Act will yield very much more than the $115,000,000, which it was calculated to produce, how much more it is now difficult to say. At the Treasury Department it is understood that $160,000,000 is becoming a favorite estimate: Mr. Commissioner Boutwell is said to expect to receive $250,000,000; and there are those who look for a revenue of 25,000,000 a month or $300,000,000 a year. If the tax-law yields $200,000,000 a year, while the Tariff yields $75,000,000, it is clear that after paying the civil expenses of Government, the interest on the debt, and a contribution of 5 per cent. to the Sinking Fund, Mr. Chase will have nearly a hundred millions of dollars toward the current expenses of the war.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Chase's financial policy is the emission of irredeemable but convertible paper-money. That the issue of irredeemable paper, or, in other words, the attempt to make *that* money by law which is *not* money in fact, is bad, of course admits of no debate. But even the most bitter opponents of Mr. Chase now admit that, in the circumstances in which he was placed, he had no alternative. It would have been utterly impossible to have borrowed in the past year at any rate of interest whatsoever, or under any conditions whatsoever, either at home or abroad, five hundred millions of dollars, which is the sum we have expended. By the exercise of much sagacity, and through the patriotism of the bankers of this and other cities, a sum of $250,000,000 or thereabouts has been borrowed at various rates of interest. The balance has been obtained—as alone it could have been obtained—by the issue of irredeemable paper. But this paper, unlike the old Continental money or the French assignats, to which it has been ignorantly compared, derives an intrinsic value from its convertibility into funded stock of the United States bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable at the end of twenty years and redeemable after five. This convertibility effectually prevents the new United States currency from declining to a nominal value or becoming worthless, as the paper money of old times so frequently did, unless, indeed, we are to assume that the bonds of this great Government, with interest payable in gold, are likewise to become worthless. Of this paper money Mr. Chase has now issued about $275,000,000. He has power to issue $25,000,000 more, besides postal currency, of which some $2,500,000 have been issued, and some $5,000,000 more will be issued before New Year.

The question is often asked, how much paper will Mr. Chase issue? Where will the limit be? The answer to these queries depends not on financial but military events. If by the time Congress meets the work of suppressing the rebellion seems nearly complete, conversions will proceed so rapidly that, with the aid of the revenue from taxes and customs, and the use of certificates of indebtedness, the expenses of the war may be defrayed without further issues of paper. If, on the contrary, the end of the war seems as distant in December as it did some months ago, Mr. Chase will probably apply to Congress for power to issue say $250,000,000 more legal tender money; coupling the application with a recommendation to Congress to provide for the gradual withdrawal from circulation of all existing bank-notes. Two hundred and fifty millions, with the receipts from taxes and customs, would probably make Mr. Chase easy till December, 1863; for, as currency became superabundant, holders would at once convert it into stock, thus in effect taking a United States 6 per cent. loan at par. The convertible character of the legal tender paper constitutes a check against its being issued in excess. The moment there is more currency afloat than business requires, United States stocks will advance, and holders will convert their currency into the "five-twenties." Thus far the universal complaint has been not of a superabundance but of a scarcity of currency.

* Thus far, the general working of Mr. Chase's convertible paper money system, and the success of the direct tax law, justify the belief that, if it were necessary, this war might be carried on for four or five years more without any danger of "financial exhaustion."

THE LOUNGER.

CONSERVATISM.

Two weeks since we spoke of the amusing ignorance of the meaning of many words in the most common use. Grave, respectable people consent to be humbugged by a loud noise, and because a certain policy is stigmatized as radical, believe that they are conservative when they oppose it. A conservative party is properly a party which aims to secure the guarantees of permanent social order upon which life and property depend. It is, of course, divided into two parts—the sensible and the foolish: the part which holds to the *statu quo*, without regard to the facts of human nature; and that which accommodates itself to the eternally changing circumstances of human affairs. The first condition of human society is movement. Its sole hope is in the conduct of that movement forward, and not backward. As with a child who must and will walk, the point is that he shall walk forward without falling, instead of stepping backward and merely tumbling over.

Conservatism is not stagnation. It is not fear to walk lest we fall. It is the care to walk steadily upright. It does not insist that the growing man shall wear the child's clothes, not only because it is ridiculous that he should do so, but because he will surely split them by a growth which he can not control. Conservatism only takes care that the clothes shall neither be too large nor in the extreme of the fashion.

Thus a course of conduct is not conservative merely because it is the old way. "The ancient landmarks" are beacons that guide upon a journey; they are not tent-poles around which an immovable camp is to be pitched. The old way is good in the old times, but it is bad in the new times. In '76 conservatism was revolution, because there was no other way to secure the essential guarantees of civil society but by fighting for them. Our chief fighter is the chief conservative of our history. So in these days conservatism is again war, because by war only can the same guarantees, threatened by bloody parricidal hands, be maintained. And again at this day our chief fighters are our chief conservatives; and the men who are known as demagogues and radicals in the dangerous sense, are they who are endeavoring to betray the fighters.

The country is convulsed by terrible war. It can end only in one of two ways; either by maintaining absolutely the authority of the Government, or by surrendering and limiting that authority. What is the true conservatism of the situation? Is it to have a momentary peace, at any price—even that of dismemberment, humiliation, and disgrace, with the endless wars and confusions sure to follow, in which there can be no security whatever for life and property—or is it to vindicate the supreme authority of that Government over every one of its citizens and every inch of its domain? Is Mexico a conservative nation? Is the principle that when any party is discontented it may take up arms to gain its ends and be sure to gain them a conservative principle? When the flag is fired upon—the symbol of national unity, power, splendor, and honor—does conservatism hasten and cry to the dishonorers and assassins, "Certainly, gentlemen!" and tear the flag into two or twenty tatters as the rebellion may dictate? No, no. In the moment of mortal national peril conservatism is the stoutest, stanchest, most heroic standard-bearer. It grasps the mighty banner, unrolls it to the sky; hails it as consecrated by the Past and illuminated by the Future; and declares, with dreadful earnestness, that whoever and whatever would disgrace or rend it shall be utterly confounded and destroyed. It is George Washington who is the conservative, and not Benedict Arnold.

Viewed by the light of a truth so evident, who are the conservatives in this country to-day? With whom will men who really wish the salvation of all the fundamental guarantees of life, liberty, and property take their stand? Will it be with those who declare openly for yielding to armed resistance of the laws? who say frankly that the Government can not maintain itself? that the effort to do so is a despotic effort? that there can be but one end of the war, and that is the humiliation of the Government, and the ruin of the country by the dissolution of the Union? Is it conservatism to declare that you will not support the lawful authorities of the country, as Mr. Fernando Wood says now that he will not? The same Fernando Wood who endeavored to resist the lawful authorities of the State, and who bewailed his inability to send Toombs, of Georgia, rifles to shoot Northern men. There are but two methods of conduct: you must either support the Government or oppose it. If you oppose it, is there any salvation for us? Do those who oppose it mean that there shall be any salvation from national destruction?

There is now, there always will be, a conservative party in this country. And in a tempest like this you can not split hairs. You must either act with your whole soul one way or the other. To be lukewarm is to help the enemy. There is a conservative party. Who are its representatives? Let every man honestly answer. Are they the President and the constituted authorities? Are they such men as Daniel S. Dickinson, Dennis M'Carthy, Henry S. Randall, Edward Everett, Joseph Holt, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, A. J. Hamilton, or are they such men as Fernando Wood, Vallandigham, Isaiah Rynders, Jefferson Davis, James Brooks, Robert Toombs, John Van Buren, Wigfall, Spratt, Keitt, and Rhett? All these men are either for the United States Government unconditionally against all rebellion, or they are not. If they are not, the shadowy differences of their opposition to it are of no importance. Whether they resist it by arms, or morally support armed resistance, their enmity is the same. They are the foes of the country, its government, its unity, and its flag. And as that country is the great hope of civil liberty and equal rights for all mankind, these men are conservative of anarchy, of rebellion, of social chaos.

Is *that* the conservative party to which any patriot belongs?

WHICH IS WHICH?

IT is a favorite saying with those who are more anxious to save slavery than the Government that the war is waged for black men. The harlequin Train, one of the chief orators of the new party of Slavery rather than the Union, says this. The other harlequins repeat it. "We won't fight for the nigger," says Mr. Cox, in substance. "We hate the nigger," exclaims, substantially, the entire party that sympathizes with the rebellion and wishes it well.

Now let this matter be plainly understood. Who are these who prefer blacks to whites? Who are these who constantly work and talk, and are at last fighting to maintain the place of the black man against the white? The Southern leaders, with their party allies at the North, insisted that they would bring black men into the free States and carry them into the Territories, and be protected by the Government. Those black men, both in the States and Territories, would of course have been the direct rivals of the white laborers. These saw the danger, and said at the polls: "No; you may keep your black men in your own States, but you shall not bring them into ours, nor into the common territory." The leaders answered: "We will either do what we choose in this matter, and we choose to carry our black men every where, and be protected by the Government, or else we will break it up by arms." The white laborers conquered the owners of the black men at the polls, and the owners turned around and are trying to destroy the Government. Why? Because the people, who are the Government, insist that they shall not bring the black men into all the States and Territories. Who, then, are to be justly called the fighters for the rivalry of black labor with white, if not those who, to secure and establish that rivalry, have taken up arms against us?

The people of this country, not moved by any profound moral conviction but by a perception of interest, were resolved to keep the Territories free from black slave labor. The rebels were resolved to take it there, and are now fighting because they were lawfully prevented. Which is fighting for the black labor against the white? There is no necessary conflict. But slavery creates an antagonism, because it disgraces labor and degrades the laborer. Which, then, is the party of the working man, that which tries to keep away the competition of slave labor, or that which tries to establish it? Let every working man answer.

BRITISH FATUITY.

IT is instructive to observe from time to time the progress made by that apt scholar John Bull, in sympathy with a rebellion that aims to show the futility of a popular system and to establish the superiority of a monarchy. When the war began Lord John Russell informed us that it was a war for empire upon the part of the United States Government—a remark as sensible as to say, when a man is hung in London for murder, after due conviction, that the Government killed him in order to show its authority. Mr. Gladstone lately informs us that Jeff Davis has created an army and navy, and has developed a nation. The words are significant from an English minister.

Meanwhile Mr. Stevenson, in his remarkable little book, "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army," tells us that the rebels declare that they have received three hundred thousand stand of arms from abroad, chiefly from England and France. *The later arrivals from England*, he says, *exhibit the crown-marks uneffaced.* "I have seen Enfield rifles of the manufacture of 1861 and 1862 with the stamp of the 'Tower' on the lock-plate." He adds that "England's neutrality" is a joke among the rebel officers. But it is a joke they enjoy with the rest of the world.

The most amusing illustration of the resolute idiocy of John Bull in the American question is a late comment in some commercial paper upon the present attitude of the rebels. It is arguing the question of recognition, and the moral encouragement it would afford. Mr. A. H. Stephens, the rebel Vice-President, in unfolding the principles of the new Government, said, two years ago, that there might be no misunderstanding what the rebellion meant: "This our new Government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth (of Slavery)." But the paper is not appalled, and exclaims, with virtuous approbation, that the citizens of the new nation "must already be aware that, so far they have earned it, *they already have the moral encouragement of the sympathy of every free people.*"

Not the least curious incident of the time is the open renunciation by most of the leading English organs of opinion of the position of Great Britain as the traditional friend and defender of Liberty.

A NEW ORATOR.

THE popular lecture system, or Lyceum, is peculiar to us. There are courses of lectures in the great European Universities, and single literary and scientific discourses delivered before Mechanics' Institutions and elsewhere in England; but the regular winter series of popular lectures upon miscellaneous topics is strictly an American institution. The tendency of the lecture with us is to the discussion of abstract social or moral or political principles; but the interest in famous persons is imperishable, and the charm of such topics undeniable. In fact, there are many who think such subjects the only proper ones for miscellaneous lectures, and they will be glad to hear of the arrival of a gentleman who, if half that the London papers say of him be true, will make our most favorite orators look to their laurels.

Mr. T. Mason Jones, late of Trinity College, Dublin, is by birth an Irishman, and—as all true Irishmen ought to be—a fast friend of this country and its Government, and not of the conspiracy to ruin both. He has delivered in London "orations" upon various literary topics which are praised in the most lavish manner. His subjects are drawn partly from Irish history and biography. Curran and the wits of the Irish bar; Dean Swift and his critics; Grattan and the Irish orators; Burke; Sheridan; John Milton; John Wesley and Methodism; Daniel O'Connell and Irish agitation; Byron; Goldsmith; Moore; Shelley; Garibaldi; Macaulay; and the American Rebellion. Here, surely, is a fascinating list. Of the orator's qualifications the London *Times* says: "He combines all the careful elaboration of a practiced reader with the ease and nature of a spontaneous speaker. ....He is a real orator." The *Daily News* says: "The great thing which will strike the *habitué* of London entertainments on first listening to Mr. Jones is the spontaniety and ease of his discourse, which, marked as it is by an impassioned earnestness and force never to be confounded with the conversational assurance of our most distinguished entertainers, yet flows rapidly onward, unchecked by the slightest hesitation." All the papers testify to his remarkable oratorical gifts.

Mr. Jones comes to this country well recommended. He has here a fresh arena—but he will probably allow he has also distinguished rivals. Room and fair play, then, for the new-comer! It is a field in which a man can maintain himself only by his own power and effort. We understand Mr. Jones to ask only the fair field, relying upon himself to win the fullest favor.

A LITTLE COMMON-SENSE.

"But at any rate the black men will come North when they are freed!" is a cry which is roared out by every submissionist who is driven from every other position. But why will they?

Suppose, friend, you live upon an island. Suppose that by the law of the island you must work hard all your life, and your children indefinitely after you, without pay, for the most wretched food and shelter, and all for the profit of a man who has no more right to make you work for him than you to make him work for you. Suppose that he beats you cruelly if you will not work; gives you a woman to marry whom he chooses for you; sells your children to pay his own debts; and chases you with blood-hounds when you try to escape. What are you likely to do? Why, you will go through fire and water, through hunger and thirst, by blood-hounds and hell-hounds, to escape. You will submit to being boxed up; to stifle in the holds of ships; to endure every chance and all suffering to leave that island. Though you were born there; though the climate is sweet to you; though you love the land where you have been imbruted, you will still fly if you can, and every generous soul in the world will exclaim, God help you!

But suppose that upon that island you have plenty of well-paid work and ample wages secured to you; suppose that you are your own master and the father of a family, into which no stranger enters against your will; suppose that by industry and thrift you may, if you will, become a proprietor, as you are the civil equal of every other man; suppose that you love the island as your native soil—its climate is congenial, your friends and associations are there. Is *that* a place from which you are always plotting to escape or hopelessly pining in despair because you can not get away? Or is it a place to which all of your race and kindred instinctively turn to find their home and happiness? Do you need blood-hounds and whipping-posts, manacles and the stake, to keep you there and to repel your kind? No; you stay there, self-respecting, industrious, and content.

The Proclamation works that miracle. Why should the black men come here at the very moment that all reason for coming is removed? They come here to be free, not because they like the North. Make them free at home, and they will thank you with all their hearts and stay there. Keep them slaves, and of course they will take advantage of the war and run wherever they can.

IMPATIENCE.

While there is a natural impatience at the delay of our final victory over the rebellion, and an eager urging forward of the army all along the line, let us not forget the splendid service already rendered by that army. The details of plans and general movements are so obscured, and the conflict of responsibility so unsettled, that no one ought to speak too decidedly of either. But the one paramount, unquestioned fact is, that the men, fresh from their pursuits of perfect peace, have fought most bravely, and always better when they felt that they were handled by an intelligent general. Think of their last great movement. They fell back under M'Clellan from the Peninsula and under Pope through Eastern Virginia. Nothing demoralizes an army so surely and rapidly as a general retreat. But through all that confused and confounding march they fought as well as men under the circumstances could fight, and unquestionably had the advantage on the Friday before Pope's final discomfiture.

Yet the retreat ended in wild confusion, almost dismay, before Washington. Military and political jealousy threatened the country even more sorely than the rebellion. The army itself was disheartened, not because it was not successful, but because it could not understand what was the matter or what it was about. But it moved promptly into Maryland. It overtook the foe. It fought the most gallant battle and won the most important victory of Antietam, and all this after six weeks of an experience that might have utterly destroyed it, both from moral and material causes.

It may justly say to us that our impatience may become unreasonable. It may justly say that we ought to remember that the rebels may venture much that would be folly in us. It may fairly remind us that Washington is defended at this moment in the Shenandoah Valley; and, miserable mud-hole as it is, it is still our necessary, central point. An advance of the army, military success, is beyond all question absolutely essential for our cause. For if we go into winter-quarters along the whole line, it is not probable that we shall come out of them to the battle-field. But while an advance is necessary, it must be the pursuit of some policy of vigor. It must be in obedience to a plan which will make success both probable and useful. It must be of a character to show the country that all the means it so profusely lavishes are well and wisely used. It must be an advance that will invigorate the Northern, in the same degree that it terrifies the Southern, heart.

It is not the soldiers who flag. It is not they who are wanting. Let them feel in every order, in every movement, in the whole scope and the least detail of policy, a great, energetic, concentrated purpose, and they will fast enough do the work for which they have taken up arms.

"I'LL TRY, SIR."

That slavery is the chief support of the rebellion every body knows. For in a population of eight or nine millions, if there are four millions who are kept hard at work upon the supplies, the five millions can send off all their fighting men to the field. That this is a practical truth is obvious enough from general considerations. But the late advices from the South show the case in the clearest light. In Texas, and some parts of the Mississippi Valley, a conscription, or forced levy of slaves, is urged wherever their labor is necessary for the army. And the Richmond *Examiner* beseeches slaveholders to hire their slaves for army service, saying: "Good wages are offered, and proper care and attention will be given every negro hired for the army, and *the slaveholder ought to remember that for every negro he thus furnishes he puts a soldier in the ranks.*"

Now a commander-in-chief of an army and navy who knows that fact and does not try to turn it to his own profit and the advantage of his cause is either a fool or a knave. To say that he can't do it, by telling the substitutes that if they will come to his flag they shall be free, and if they refuse to "put a soldier in the ranks" he will protect them as fast as he can, is to beg the question. He can try. If he does not try, he is incompetent.

Our commander-in-chief has undertaken to try. If nothing follows, he has done his duty. If Napoleon had said, "Pooh! I can't take an army and cannon over the Alps," and had folded his arms, there would have been no Marengo. If Captain Miller, ordered to take a battery, had said—"Dear me, Sir, I haven't the means!" we should have heard of his answer only to laugh at it. But when he replied, "I'll try, Sir," he spoke not only like a soldier, but a man. There are those who insist that the Proclamation, which is a mere military order, is futile or worse. Very well. Possibly nothing will come of it. But we will try, gentlemen, we will try.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Always buy your chestnuts biled," said Mr. Snow to Abimelech, who was about investing a penny in that little brown commodity, "'cause the raw ones want looking arter, and the wormy ones you have to throw away; but with the biled ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt when they're biled."

"You want a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

Who was Scipio's wife? Mississippi-o, of course.

"There's nothing like leather!" is an old saying and a true one. It is the sole support of man.

It has been ascertained that the "man who held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general conwulshun."

NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

Now, Terence, have done wid yer tasing,
  Do be aisy, and let me alone;
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squazing;
  Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own!

I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
  And frighten'd clane out of me life;
So pray don't be idly consating
  You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What is it ye say?—that I'm joking?
  That ye won't budge an inch from me side?
Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
  And I don't know which way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the fowler
  Is coaxing down into his snare;
Och, Terence! ye sly, schaming prowler,
  Ye're hurting me lips, I declare!

Lave off, Sir! How dare ye to do it!
  I suppose, as ye will have yer way,
I'd better (but, mind me, ye'll rue it!)
  Plase yer whim by just naming the day.

Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—
  Och, murther! you're stopping me breath—
But only in hopes of preventing
  Meself being bother'd to death!

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says any thing about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "maybe it was because she always had the last word."

"When things get to the worst they generally take a *turn* for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress—when she can not get a new one.

Some philosophers were disputing very learnedly on the antiquity of the world. A man of wit, tired of their long discussion, said, "Gentlemen, I believe the world acts like some ladies, and does not choose to have her age discovered."

Mrs. Gubbidge was recently thrown into ecstasies on being told that she resembled the wife of Socrates. She had heard of him, and thought it highly complimentary to be told that she resembled the wife of so great a man!

An eating-house keeper, who kept a "Rest-your-Aunt," as the French call a cook-shop, and who prided himself on his ability to get up the best dinners to be had any where, wishing to give the public the full benefit of his knowledge, perpetrated the following "sign:" "Try my dinners—they can't be beat." In an evil hour, however, a wicked wag came along and dextrously painted over the initial letter of the last word. The announcement then was—"Try my dinners—they can't be eat."

Fontenelle lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us." "Speak as low as you can," said Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us!"

"Why, Jane," said a lady to her Hibernian assistant, "don't pour that water on the tea; it has not boiled yet." "Och, yes, marm, it's biled. It biled like any thing this mornin' before breakfast, an' I saved the wather a purpose for the tay this avenin'."

Tom Moore is the author of the following gushing little epigram, which has been credited to a dozen others:

"They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
  The chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
  They take me all by storm."

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap; I won't higgle about the price at all."

An Irishman was brought up before a magistrate for the East Riding on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:

"What trade are you?"

"Sure, now, your Honor, I'm a sailor."

"You in the sea-faring line? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life."

"Sure, now, and does your Honor think I came over from Ireland in a waggin?"

"Commit him—commit him."

A woman's tears are generally more effective than her words. In such cases, wind is a less powerful element than water.

That was a stoutish woman, the widow of the tower-keeper at Andernach, whom his successor in office was obliged to marry, as she was too fat to be got out of the building either by door or window.

When may a man be said to be "dressed in borrowed plumes?"—When he's tarred and feathered.

"Can't change a dollar bill, eh? Well, I'm glad of that. I've had thirty-six drinks on it in three days, and it may stand a good deal of wear and tear yet!"

An Insinuation.—A boarder was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating. "What is it, Ben?" asked a boarder, sitting opposite. "A little piece of bark, I believe," replied Ben. "Well, old fellow, it's my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might find a *growl* pretty soon."

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

A poor man once came to a miser and said, "I have a favor to ask." "So have I," said the miser; "grant mine first." "Agreed." "My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

Praise is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

The Army of the Potomac continues to advance into Virginia. General Burnside was last heard of at Purcellville. At 11 A.M. on 31st General Pleasanton came up with the enemy's cavalry and artillery at Philomont, and engaged them. The fight was conducted wholly by artillery, and lasted about five hours, when the rebels retreated to Union, a small town three miles beyond. Our loss in this affair was but one man killed and fourteen wounded. On the morning of 2d General Pleasanton renewed his attack at Union, and being soon afterward reinforced by a brigade of infantry, at one o'clock the rebels again fell back, and our forces occupied Union. Another portion of our army took possession of Snicker's Gap on 2d.

THE ADVANCE TO SNICKER'S GAP.

Official dispatches from General Marcy recount the results of our advance to Snicker's Gap. When General Hancock arrived at the Gap it was held by the enemy's cavalry, who were driven out by a strong force of nearly six thousand of our infantry. The rebels made an effort to retake this important position, but were again driven back by the fire of our rifled guns, and at six o'clock in the afternoon, on 3d, General Marcy says that General M'Clellan was in full possession of the Gap. The rebel forces of Generals Jackson and Hill are reported to be in the opposite valley.

Meantime General Pleasanton has been pushing his reconnoissances forward with much effect. After the artillery firing ceased between him and Stuart in front of Philomont, on Sunday afternoon, the rebels came out into an apple orchard and fired from behind the trees. They were finally repulsed—we losing one man killed and fourteen wounded. Immediately after the occupation of Philomont General Pleasanton sent a detachment of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, under Major Keenan, down the road leading toward Bloomfield. When they approached the woods, about a mile distant, artillery opened upon them. Presently the enemy brought two guns out in a field to the left of the road and continued the fire. A section of Lieutenant Pennington's battery was brought up on the hill near the town and returned the enemy's fire with fine effect. Our cavalry engaged their skirmishers, and after a fight of four hours the enemy were driven from their position. General M'Clellan and his staff got a splendid reception from the troops on visiting the front at Purcellville.

SICKLES AT WARRENTON.

A dispatch dated Centreville, November 3, says: "General Sickles, with Patterson's Brigade, has driven the rebels from Manassas and Bull Run, below Bristow Station, and will probably encamp near Warrenton Junction to-night. The railroad to Alexandria has been repaired, the train rescued, and cars run now as usual to this point."

THOROUGHFARE GAP SEIZED.

On the evening of 3d our cavalry drove the rebels out of Thoroughfare Gap, and General Schurz's Division advanced and took possession of it. The other divisions of Sigel's force, under Stahl and Van Steinwehr, were within supporting distance, and our cavalry also held Budsland Mills, Aldie, and the country between the latter point and the front of General Sigel's advance. Our troops now hold all the gaps up to Ashby's.

NEW ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Harper's Ferry, under date of October 30: "The Army of the Potomac will in future consist of three grand armies, nine corps, thirty divisions, seventy brigades. The first grand army will consist of the *corps d'armée* of Major-Generals Reynolds (late Hooker), Fitz-John Porter, and W. B. Franklin, and will be commanded by the senior Major-General, Joseph Hooker. The second army will consist of the *corps d'armée* of Major-Generals Couch (late Sumner), O. G. Wilcox (late Burnside), Slocum (late Banks), and will be commanded by senior Major-General Ambrose Everett Burnside. The third grand army will consist of the *corps d'armée* of Major-General Cox and two others now organized, and to whom permanent commanders have not yet been assigned by the President. This army will be commanded by senior Major-General Edwin V. Sumner."

THE REBEL ARMY.

The rebel army in Northern Virginia is composed of two grand armies, under Lieutenant-Generals Jackson and Longstreet, consisting of four *corps d'armée*, of twelve brigades each, with artillery. The rebel cavalry arm forms a division, under command of Major-General Stuart, who makes any detail for, or executes any order from, General Lee, and is entirely under the control of the Commanding General, this cavalry being an independent organization.

THE STATE ELECTION.

The State election was held in this State on Tuesday, 4th inst. From the returns thus far received it appears that Horatio Seymour (Democrat) has carried the State by a small majority over James S. Wadsworth (Republican). In this city Seymour has a majority of about 31,000 over Wadsworth, showing a Democratic gain, in one year, equal to 48,000 votes. The Democrats have elected all their Congressmen in this city and the river counties. Among others, the following members have been elected:

	Names.	*Politics.*
District	1—Henry S. Stebbins	Democrat.
"	2—Martin Kalbfliesch	Democrat.
"	3—Moses F. Odell	Democrat.
"	4—Benjamin Wood	Democrat.
"	5—Fernando Wood	Democrat.
"	6—Elijah Ward	Democrat.
"	7—John W. Chanler	Democrat.
"	8—James Brooks	Democrat.
"	9—Anson Herrick	Democrat.
"	10—W. Radford	Democrat.
"	11—Charles H. Winfield	Democrat.
"	12—Homer A. Nelson	Democrat.
"	13—John B. Steele	Democrat.
"	14—Erastus Corning	Democrat.
"	15—John A. Griswold	Democrat.
"	17—Calvin T. Hurlburd	Republican.
"	21—Francis Kernan	Democrat.
"	26—Giles W. Hotchkiss	Republican.
"	28—Freeman Clark	Republican.

The returns from the interior are, as yet, imperfect and inconclusive. As far as yet heard from Seymour's majority foots up about 15,000, with a large number of Republican constituencies to hear from. The election passed off very quietly in this city and throughout the State.

OTHER STATE ELECTIONS.

We have as yet no returns from Illinois. From Massachusetts we learn that Governor Andrew (Republican) is elected by a large majority over Devens (People's Union). In Jersey it is estimated that the Democrats have swept the State, following the example of Ohio and Indiana.

GENERAL ROSECRANS'S COMMAND.

A new military department has been created, called the Department of the Cumberland, in which General Rosecrans has been assigned the chief command. It comprises the State of Tennessee, east of the Tennessee River, and such parts of Northern Alabama and Georgia as may be taken possession of by the United States troops. This command constitutes the Fourteenth Army corps, and that now under General U. S. Curtis the Thirteenth.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The pirate *Alabama*, *alias* "290," is now close upon our coast. From intelligence received by the brig *Baron de Castine* at Boston, on 2d, it appears that she captured no less than seven vessels within a few weeks past, and destroyed them all except two, which Captain Semmes released upon the masters giving bonds, one of them, the ship *Tonawanda*, in eighty thousand dollars, and the other, the brig *Baron de Castine*, in six thousand, payable to the President of the Confederate States after peace is established. The last appearance of the *Alabama* was in latitude 39° north, longitude 69° west, off the capes of the Delaware, and directly in the track of the California steamers. This formidable craft has captured since she got to sea no less than twenty-two vessels, nineteen of which were destroyed and the rest bonded and released.

AFTER THE "ALABAMA."

Orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy-yard to dispatch to sea at once three men-of-war, of which the *Vanderbilt* is one. The others are the United States steamer *Dacotah*, one of the vessels of the regular navy, and the ship *Ino*, a craft pretty heavily armed.

DEATH OF GENERAL MITCHELL.

General Ormsby M'Knight Mitchell, the great astronomer and gallant soldier, died at Port Royal, South Carolina, on 30th October, of yellow fever. The disease is said to be very prevalent there.

ANGLO-REBEL CRAFT AT BERMUDA.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of our gun-boats, we find that the British steamers *Gladiator*, *Minho*, and *Ouchita*, all laden with cotton from the South, had run out of port at Bermuda for England. False signals were thrown out from the shore in order to decoy the Union vessels from their station just as the *Minho* sailed. They had the effect desired by the English sympathizers and traders with the rebels.

MORE PRIZES TAKEN.

We learn from Port Royal that two Anglo-rebel steamers—the *Anglia* and *Scotia*—were captured on the 27th ult. by our cruisers. The latter is valued at $600,000, and the former at $300,000. Both prizes were taken into Port Royal. The rebel steamer *Minnaho* was chased and driven ashore at the same time. She was bound for Charleston with stores for the rebels.

CAPTURE OF SABINE PASS.

In the New Orleans *Delta* of the 23d we find a brief account of the expedition which captured Sabine Pass, of which we have already received some intelligence from the rebels. This affair was a most brilliant one throughout, reflecting great credit upon all engaged in it—excepting the rebels. The vessels engaged were the United steamer *Kensington*, Acting-Master Crocker commanding; the United States schooner packet *Seaman*, and the bomb-schooner *Jonas*, Captain Pennington. The expedition, within fifteen days, captured one fort and two camps, and burned thirty buildings used as barracks and store-houses, containing a large amount of ammunition and provisions. It also captured four schooners, two sloops, and one steamer, besides quite a number of sunken vessels, which were burned.

HOW TO STOP GUERRILLAS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter has issued orders that "any vessel that may be fired on by guerrillas, or other persons, will do all damage in her power to the vicinity from which she was attacked, in order to repress the outrageous practice of guerrilla warfare.

HINDMAN IN PRISON.

The rebel General Hindman, it appears, is in prison at Little Rock, Arkansas, and is soon to be conveyed to Richmond for trial on a series of charges preferred by General Albert Pike, of scalping notoriety. It is charged that he obtained a million of dollars from the banks of Memphis on the assumed authority of Beauregard; that after getting possession of the money he issued some "most extraordinary military orders," among others that the wells should be poisoned throughout the country where the Union forces of General Curtis were expected to pass.

NEGOTIATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 22d, Governor Stanly, the Union Governor of North Carolina, by flag of truce, dispatched a communication to the rebel Governor Vance, proposing an interview, without any ceremony or raising any questions of dignity or rank between himself and Governor Vance. If the above proposition should be declined, then that commissioners be appointed by Governor Vance for a conference with Governor Stanly upon the present state of public affairs and the aspect of the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PALMERSTON CABINET ON RECOGNITION.

The British Cabinet has given a very decided contradiction to Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle theory of Southern nationality; for Sir George C. Lewis, the Secretary of State for War, has made a speech in which he denies the right of the rebel States to European recognition, on the ground that they "have not yet accomplished their independence." Lord Palmerston has delivered speeches, during a rural tour, on a variety of subjects, home and foreign, but did not allude to the American question.

THE LIVERPOOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

At a meeting of the council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy came up for discussion. Mr. M'Fie, one of the members, had given notice of a motion on the subject, intending that a special meeting of the Chamber should have been called to consider the propriety of memorializing Government in favor of the recognition. After some conversation Mr. M'Fie intimated that he wished to recall his intention on the subject—a statement which was received with general satisfaction, several members present observing that the policy maintained by the Government hitherto was the only correct policy to be pursued under the circumstances.

FRANCE.

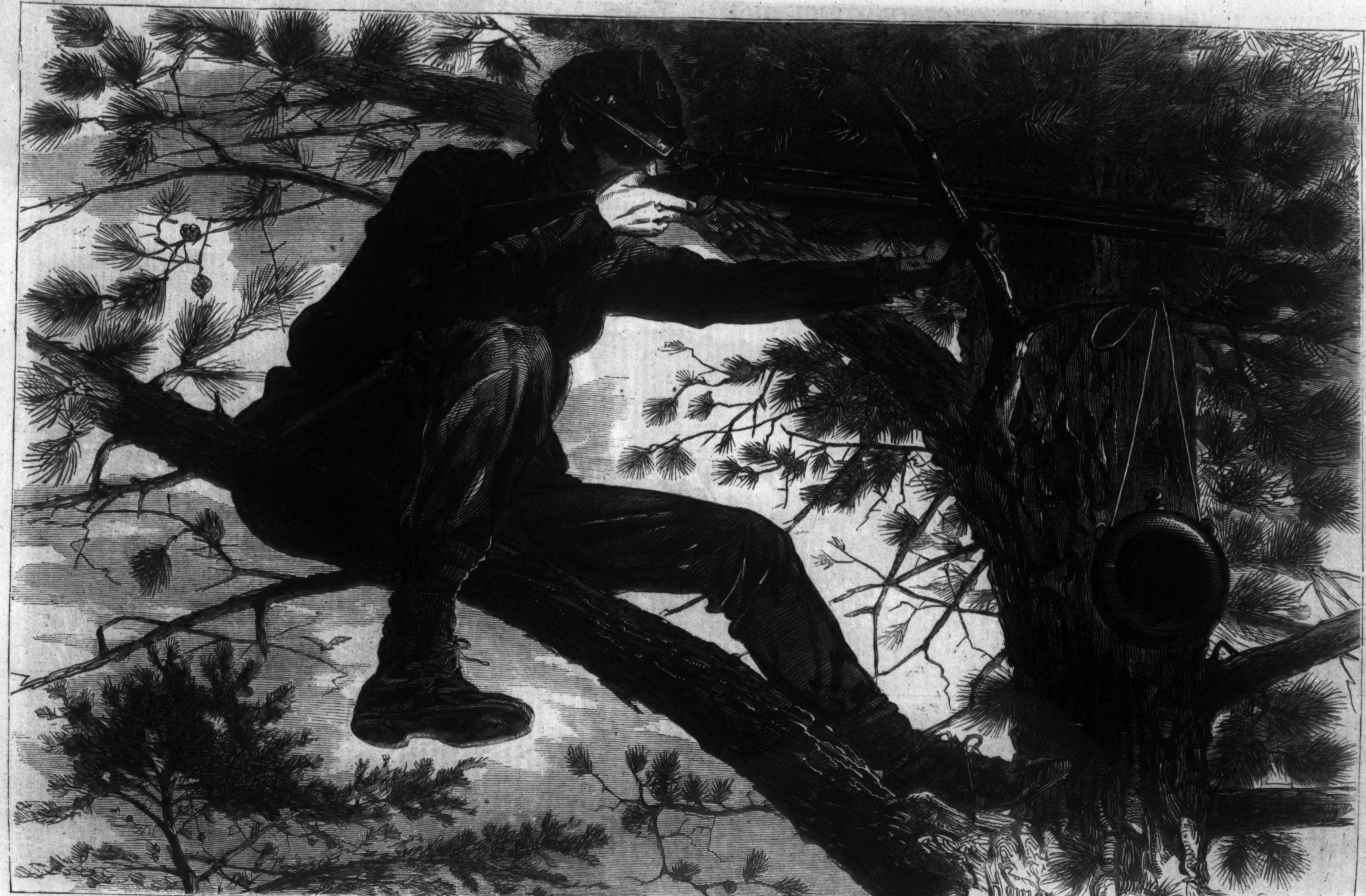
A CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

M. Thouvenel, Minister of State of France, has resigned his position in the Emperor's cabinet. M. Thouvenel was regarded as a warm official friend of Mr. Slidell and the Davis government. M. Thouvenel has been succeeded in the French cabinet by Baron Drouyn de l'Huys, a friend of the cause of the United States.

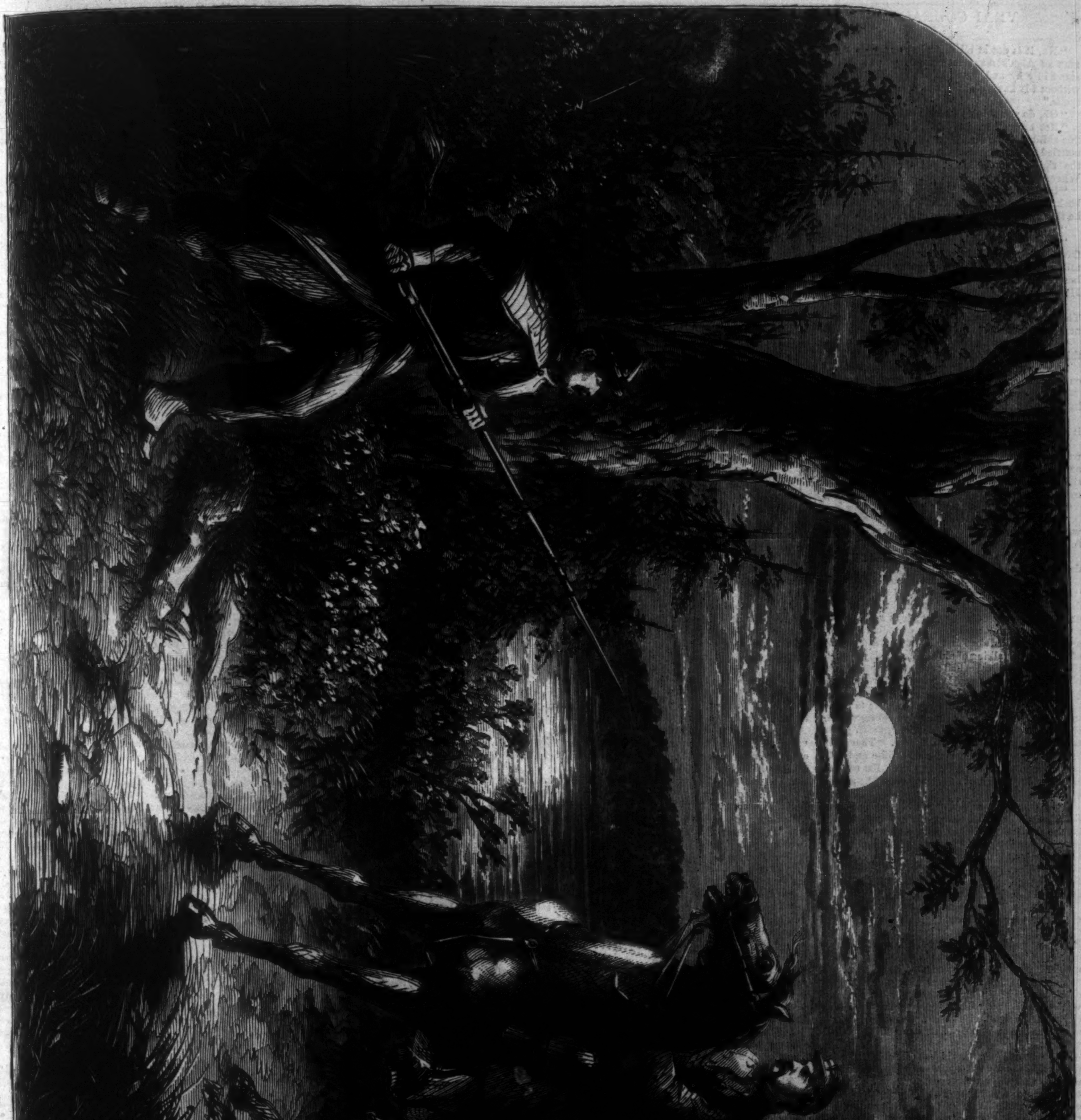
PRUSSIA.

A CIRCULAR FROM MR. SEWARD.

A Berlin correspondent, writing on the 15th of October, gives the points of a very important circular from Secretary Seward, on the subject of intervention, to our Ministers at the European courts. This paper, which is published in the Frankfort *Gazette*, states that Mr. Lincoln had not at the period of its date received any offer of foreign intervention; but that if such were tendered it would meet with a "categorical refusal," as such interference would only "envenom" the contest and prolong the war.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—A SHARP-SHOOTER ON PICKET DUTY.—[From a Painting by W. Homer, Esq.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—"LITTLE MAC" MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

VRAI COURAGE.

I.

"No, it is not at all remarkable, my dear. A man of Alan's make is not easily contented to stand idly by and watch others striving for fame without his having a share in the race or in the spoils."

"Oh, do you think that his motive?"

"Not altogether, perhaps; he has fine traits, fine ability—Alan's well fitted to succeed. Pity he married so early, great pity: his wife was not of the right stamp. Hand me the grapes, dear. Where's Gracie?"

"In the library with Alan; he came to borrow a book for his mother. I like that devotion of his: he thinks no woman in the world her equal."

"What all sons ought to believe faithfully."

"I wish Grace would keep some of her high-flown ideas a little in check. I am sure she is talking war with all her might to Alan, and he has been excited enough ever since he came back. Have you noticed how moody and absorbed he is?"

"That is because his mind is not fully decided. Then, too, those three months unsettled his business arrangements."

"These grapes are very fine. Charles, do you think Alan has any idea of asking us for Gracie?"

There was a slight shrug, a half anxious smile on the paternal visage as Mr. Redwood responded,

"How can I tell, my love? Stranger things have happened."

"Fancy Grace a step-mother! I should not like it at all."

"Ah, it would come home to us!" said Mr. Redwood, smiling. "No, I have no wish either to be an antiquated grand-parent quite so suddenly. Besides, Gracie would grace a fortune which Alan could not give her."

"Oh, as for that, if they loved each other—"

"The woman will out," interrupted Mr. Redwood; "all for love, without a thought of the needful lucre."

"Yes; I have not improved since my youthful days," said the wife, demurely.

It was getting dusky in the luxurious parlor; "shadows from the fitful fire-light" were already dancing on the wall. With twilight comes that dreamy lingering over the past; joys and sorrows are seen through a mellow mist of indistinctness: and so sat Mr. Redwood and his wife, quite forgetful of the present, talking of old and happy days which the wife's light allusion had recalled; forgetful, too, of the two younger people who, not far off, were quite as pleasantly employed.

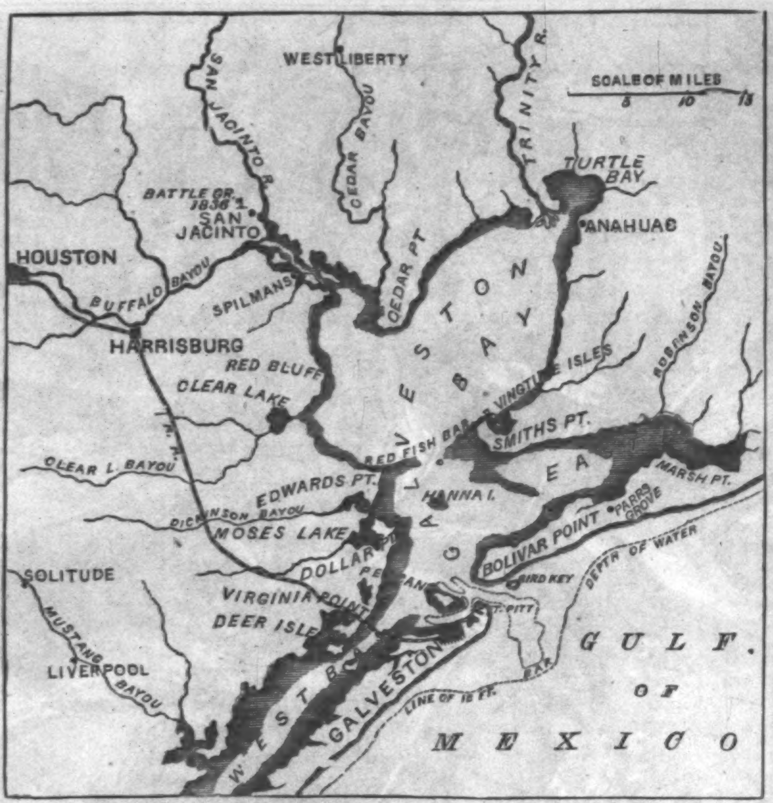
The golden autumnal sunset deepening to crimson was slanting in the library windows, which, open to the ground, gave glimpses of garden paths brownly matted with fallen leaves. The faint breath of asters, purple and pink, white and yellow, came in with the freshening air. Far off, the hills now darkening, at mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

At a door of the book-cases stood Grace, her slight, small stature looking slighter and smaller for the athelete beside her, whose brown face was intent upon a book as he listened to her rapid, forceful words. Her face was full of *verve*, life, activity; even her delicate fingers were busy, and the dark wool with its bright border was fast being fashioned into something wearable.

"Oh, Alan," she was saying, "it makes me impatient to hear people sighing over the times! I think this a grand age, a noble era, when Good and Evil have met, like knights of old, to test the prowess of their followers. Who can doubt the final triumph? Good must win: this we all believe."

Her companion assented silently, not caring to check her flow of thought; and she went on, her whole face lighting, her proudly curved lips enunciating every word with a clearness which was musical, like the swift fall of nuts on a still day in the woods.

"If our ancestors could have been gifted with prescience, I really think they would have been glad to know that this day was coming; not for the bitter strife, nor for the bloodshed, but for the grandeur of a people rising in their might to redeem their country from treachery and error. My ancestors, you know"—and the little pride of accent did not mar the sweet smile which rose—"were of the best blood; and as I look at Rufus, I often think my brother a fit representative of a noble race. But had he shirked his duty at this time, had he not been so nobly eager for the fray with so earnest a purpose, I could hardly have hidden my scorn."



MAP OF THE HARBOR OF GALVESTON, NOW IN OUR POSSESSION.

Alan glanced up quickly as if stung; unconsciously Grace netted on briskly, her eyes now on her work. There was a little tinge of sarcasm in Alan's tone as he replied,

"You then would be like the one, Grace, who, when

> "'Home they brought her warrior dead,
> She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.'"

A shadow crept over Grace's brow, which in animation had kept true time to her words.

"I don't know—it is a glorious death," she said, very gently and slowly, Alan's face changing its expression as she spoke. "I should not regret that he had chosen it; but, Alan, you remember that at last,

> "'Like summer tempest came her tears.'"

"And even now I see a glistening drop. Dear Grace, forgive me—I was cruel; but—I don't know whether you meant it or not; yet your words seem to reflect on my actions."

The glistening drop was swept instantly away.

"I know you better, Alan. I am sure you told me that you wanted to go—that you would go."

"But—"

"There must be no *but* in the way, Alan. Don't you know this is a recruiting station? I have induced a number of enlistments."

For all her playfulness her companion still looked serious; he began too to stride slowly up and down the room with the forgotten book in his hands. Grace looked admiringly at his strong manly frame; of all her *preux chevaliers* Alan was her chosen one for dauntless courage and resolve. She longed to see him still more her hero.

"You told me, Alan, that it would be no very difficult work for you to raise a regiment; and you know with what *élan* men would fight under the command of one so nobly fitted to lead them."

The praise was so gently offered, with such persuasiveness, that Alan could not resist it. He stopped in his walk, and faced the winning demoiselle.

"Grace, do you really think all duties subservient to this of fighting for one's country?"

"Certainly, Alan," answered the enthusiast.

"Can you imagine nothing which demands a man's life and honor quite as much?"

"Not at this time."

Alan again walked the floor, speaking as he did so.

"I am so nearly of your mind, Grace, that I can not conscientiously argue for the other side. Besides— Oh, I *must* go! I believe, as you say, that I can have some little influence; and certainly I owe my share of toil and hardship and danger. I long for it; God knows it is not a craven spirit which has made me hesitate."

He was roused from his moody quietude; but Grace did not quail at the fire she had evoked. More than ever she admired him. Suddenly he turned and said,

"My motherless children, Grace, who can I leave them with? My mother is too old to be burdened with the care of them, and if I die—"

Swiftly two hands grasped his in their firm but velvet touch, and an eager face looked up at him.

"Leave them with me, Alan."

"You, Grace, you?"

"Do you doubt my ability?"

"Are you willing to be a step-mother, Grace?"

"Oh, Alan!"—and the hands relaxed their hold but did not fall, for now Alan had them fast and close—"I did not mean *that.*"

"Of course not, Gracie; but that is what it amounts to. Do not struggle so; your fingers have a way of restlessness that is not good for them—they will be hurt. Now you must listen. You have told me my duty, let me tell you yours. I want some one to bid me go forth and win fame as well as fight bravely. I want some one to be thinking of me, and praying for me while I am gone. Yes, I am just so selfish; and I want that person to be one whom I love better than any one in this world or any other."

"Hush, Alan! you forget you ever had a wife."

"Indeed not, Grace. I remember that four years I was bound to one who loved me not so much as the poodle she petted in her arms—one who, though dead, I dare to say was not a true woman. Never let her name again come between us, Grace. Silence only can heal such painful memories. Grace, are you too proud to be a poor man's wife?" Alan asked, softly, as she stood with eyes cast down and wrists still turning uneasily.

"No, Alan, nor—a step-mother, if in this way I can aid the good cause," she answered, with a half smile.

"But, Grace, is your love to be the guerdon for only my soldier career?"

"I shall be so proud, Alan, if it can be."

Only half satisfied, he drew her nearer, nearer. Nor did she shrink away timidly. The spirit of old romance and days of chivalry shone in the light of her clear eyes. His kisses fell softly on her brow, "royal with the truth," and, as in a dream, they stood silently watching the darkening garden paths, not heeding the growing chilliness of the air or the dead leaves which fluttered in at their feet.

II.

"Now, mother mine, you know all. How does it please you?" said Alan, drawing his chair close to the one where sat in rather stately uprightness an old lady, who for nobility of feature matched the one beside her. But the older voice trembled, the older eyes were dimmer, and looked farther back than forward.

"Alan, dear, you know that I love Grace, and that I long to see you happy with one so well fitted to render your home all that you wish; yet the compact does not please me."

"What compact, mother?"

"It is evident Grace wishes you to go to the war."

"Certainly; she spurs me on to what I most desire."

"Have you told her how you are situated?"

A darkening shade gathered over Alan's face as he replied, somewhat impetuously,

"Why should I? She thinks as I do—that nothing so much demands a man's life and honor as his country."

"Alan, 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The storm had been brooding all the afternoon; now it broke angrily; the words came like dashing, driving rain.

"Not those of brawny muscle, and each nerve strung for action—not men born to do and dare, to lead and fight and conquer. Mother, why have you so long combated me? I have no right to refuse this second call. Had the women of the Revolution your spirit where would we have been now? Did they not urge on their sons and husbands? Look! I am a soldier, every inch of me. Military science has been my passion for years. I have influence. I can go into the ranks with twice the power of ordinary men. My example has some weight; and the cause could not be nobler. Why do you persist in opposing me?"

"Because, Alan"—and the fragile form grew more erect, the dim eye calmer, steadier than ever in its gaze upon her excited son—"because God's hand points to a different path for you. My son, listen patiently to me. Years ago you spurned my advice, and rushed off recklessly to sorrow—rushed on to that which now is hindering you at every step. Listen. Alan, my son, God blessed you with many gifts, with health, strength, and intellect. Life began for you very auspiciously, but you remember, dear, how rashly, from one imprudence to another, beginning with your loveless marriage, from one extravagance to another, you went blindly forward—not blindly either, but willfully—until you were so involved that there was but one course for you to pursue, if ever your errors were to be redeemed. Nobly you paused, and determined to begin anew; unselfishly you bowed to your burden; and, my son, you have so far retrieved the past as to convince all that your honor is above reproach. But, Alan, all is not yet accomplished; your debts are yet heavy; it will take years of hard work for you to redeem your obligations; and the penalty, though severe, is just. Willful rashness and folly led you to assume them; willful determination to do your duty must rid you of them. I know you will cry out at me, but believe me, it is *your* duty to stay at home and work. The principle is just as imperative as the country's need, though less heroic in the world's view."

"And what if all men and all mothers should think as you?" asked Alan, whose head was bowed between his hands.

"Each must decide for himself, Alan. The time may come, the peril be so great that I should say even to you, Go! but it has not yet; men and treasure are pouring forth. Then, Alan, your children, God gave them to you. My life is not worth much; do they not need you to guide them, to support and educate them?"

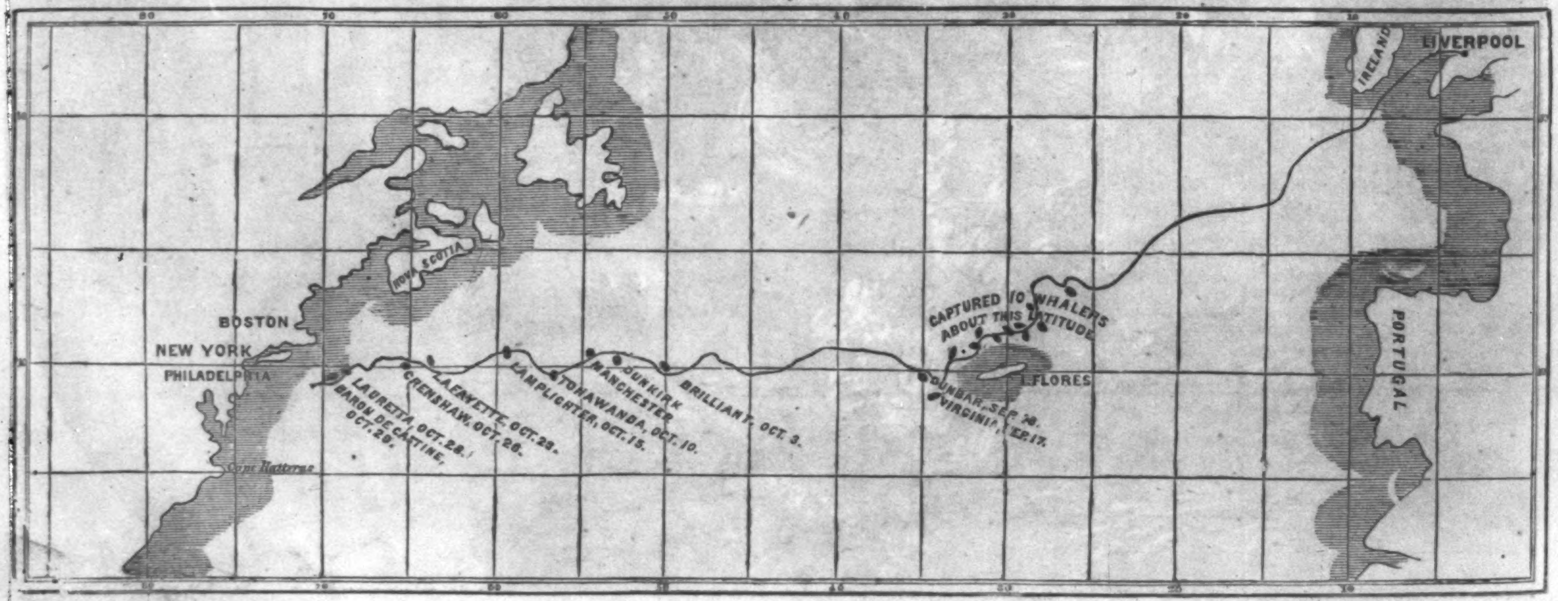


CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," AND HER STATION WHEN LAST HEARD FROM.

There was no answer, only a smothered groan.

The mother's heart overflowed, tears streamed down her aged cheeks as she rose and drew Alan's head down on her shoulder.

"Alan, my boy, do not grieve; God's way is the best way always. I honor your patriotism. I share it, darling! You have forgotten that I sent your brother, who even now may be suffering or dead."

"Mother, I am a brute! I don't ask you to forgive me. I acknowledge that ambition has blinded me; my motive was not the purest patriotism."

"Hush, Alan! you do yourself injustice. I know your brave, proud spirit; but, darling, you see which way lies your path, do you not? Even today a letter from your uncle speaks of a position soon at your command, in which, with your youth and energy, you may sooner than you think be untrammeled."

There was utter silence. The storm had quieted. Alan's face was stern and pale; but as he rose to leave the room he bent for a moment over the chair which his mother had again resumed. The look and gentle caress which accompanied it assured the victory.

III.

Grace was skimming down stairs to the blithe tripping notes of "Malbrook s'eu va t-en guerre" as Alan stalked in the hall the following morning; but she stopped suddenly with a vivid blush as she met his dark eyes and quiet salutation. She had involuntarily expected a little more ardor from her lover; but though they found the library unoccupied Alan still maintained his cool gravity, not so much as offering to kiss her dainty little hand, where gleamed his own seal ring, with its crest and motto of "*Au vrai courage rien impossible.*" Alan broke silence, however, at once.

"Grace, I have come to release you from yesterday's promise, to ask your pardon for my rashness."

He seemed to think a quick plunge better than any slower procedure. Grace looked steadily and silently up at him, unprepared and incredulous, waiting for a fuller meaning of his words. His task was not easy; the very presence of the little Joan d'Arc, as he had often called her, made it hard for him to quell the aim which for months had been tightening its power.

"Reasons which have restrained me this long fled while in your persuasive presence yesterday, Grace, and I told you that which I ought not to have done—a share of the perils and glories of our time is not for me, nor the guerdon which you promised; since I can not fight I must not claim the reward."

Slowly, rather bitterly he spoke. Slowly, rather sadly she replied:

"*Au vrai courage rien impossible,*" slipping off the ring as she quoted its motto. The bauble fell with a tinkle on the hearth. Alan stooped to pick it up, his eyes flashing, the veins in his temples swelling. Did she mean to taunt him, was it not enough that he was enduring the sacrifice of his great desire without this added pain?

He was hurt, angry, and proud. Swiftly reviewing the past, as his mother had done, in few words to Grace he explained himself, she listening with downcast eyes. Hurriedly he went on, not defending himself, not arguing his case, merely telling her what he thought she had the right to know. Then he rose, and very gracefully, with manly earnestness and feeling, thanked Grace for her willingness to share his duties, relinquishing at the same time the cherished hope which for a few short hours had made him a happy man.

It was a dark, lowering day, and the wind was rising. The library seemed to grow darker, the air chillier. Grace shivered a little. In her eyes was an absent, dreary, disappointed expression. She was looking down still, and her hands were clasped listlessly before her. Again she murmured, "*Au vrai courage rien impossible.*" Again Alan's eyes flashed, but his voice was calm and low. Though a conqueror, he was wounded, but nothing now could make him flinch from his determination.

"What is *vrai courage*, Grace?"

She looked up at him. "I was thinking, Alan."

Her voice was so sweet and sad that the thought of her taunting him seemed an ignoble suspicion. Eager words were rising to his lips, but he paused as he saw the absent, pained expression fading from her eyes and a clearer light dawning under the fringed lids. She was so beautiful, and he so loved her, that for one moment he longed to say, "Grace, honor, duty, life itself is at your disposal. Command what you will, I obey;" but the man in him was too strong, too vital for that.

"No," he thought, "I can give her up too. I have done it; the struggle is over; cost what it may, duty shall win.

Grace stood still with clasped hands, but the lithe fingers were no longer listless; her proud little head was poised dauntlessly as she spoke—

"Yes, Alan, I was thinking over that motto; for once the man who bears it on his shield proves it in his life."

Alan started. Had he heard aright? Was he in his sane, sober senses?

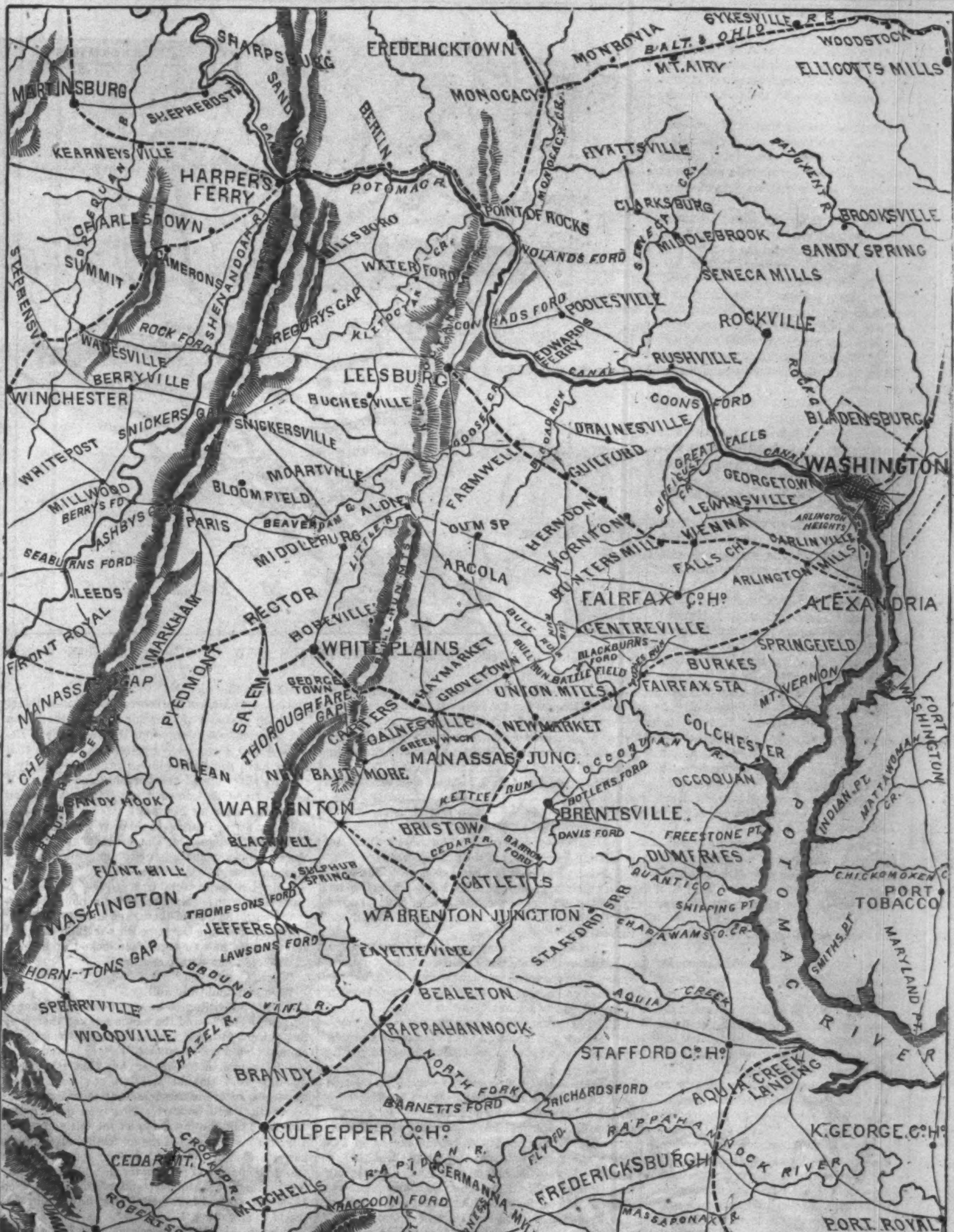
Still, with the same *verve* in face and speech as on the previous day, she went on—

"Courage to deny yourself fame and honor, courage to choose the humbler duty, and courage to give up what seemed to be dear to you"—blushing exquisitely and modestly as she spoke so of herself—"that is *vrai courage*. I honor you, Alan, for possessing it as much as I do the soldier who bleeds for our country."

Alan's voice for a moment could not find steady utterance; his stern resolve and self-denial, with the forlorn prospect of a loveless life before him, had so fixed themselves in his mind that he looked at Grace mentally as one does actually at strong sunshine after being in the dark; but her earnest admiration and glance of warm regard brought him quickly to her side.

"What, Grace, is it true? Can you, then, love me, though not your warrior hero?"

For all answer she let his arms encircle her and buried her face in his bosom.



MARTINSBURG
SHARPSBURG
SHEPHERDSTOWN
FREDERICKTOWN
MONOVIA
SYKESVILLE R.R.
BALT. & OHIO
WOODSTOCK
MT. AIRY
ELLICOTTS MILLS
MONOCACY
KEARNEYSVILLE
HARPERS FERRY
BERLIN
POTOMAC R.
HYATTSVILLE
PATUXENT R.
CHARLESTOWN
HILLSBORO
POINT OF ROCKS
CLARKSBURG
BROOKSVILLE
SUMMIT
CAMERONS
WATERFORD
NOLANDS FORD
MIDDLEBROOK
SANDY SPRING
SHENANDOAH R.
SENECA MILLS
STEPHENS
GREGORYS GAP
CONRADS FORD
POOLESVILLE
ROCKVILLE
ROCK FORD
EDWARDS FERRY
WADESVILLE
RUSHVILLE
LEESBURG
CANAL
BERRYVILLE
WINCHESTER
BUCHESVILLE
COONS FORD
SNICKERS GAP
SNICKERSVILLE
DRAINESVILLE
BLADENSBURG
WHITEPOST
GOOSE CR.
GREAT FALLS
MOARTVILLE
FARMWELL
GUILFORD
WASHINGTON
MILLWOOD
BERRYS FD.
BLOOMFIELD
GEORGETOWN
LEWINSVILLE
ASHBYS GAP
ALDIE
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
PARIS
BEAVERDAM
MIDDLEBURG
GUM SP.
HERNDON
VIENNA
CARLINVILLE
SEABURNS FORD
THORNTONS
HUNTERS MILL
FALLS CH.
ARLINGTON
MILLS
LEEDS
ARCOLA
FAIRFAX C.H.
ALEXANDRIA
MARKHAM
RECTOR
HOPEVILLE
CENTREVILLE
FRONT ROYAL
WHITE PLAINS
BULL RUN
SPRINGFIELD
BURKES
MANASSAS GAP
PIEDMONT
HAYMARKET
GROVETOWN
BLACKBURNS FORD
UNION MILLS
FAIRFAX STA.
SALEM
GEORGETOWN
THOROUGHFARE GAP
CARTERS
GAINESVILLE
GREENWICH
NEW MARKET
MT. VERNON
FORT WASHINGTON
COLCHESTER
MANASSAS JUNC.
OCCOQUAN R.
ORLEAN
NEW BALTIMORE
OCCOQUAN
SANDY HOOK
WARRENTON
KETTLE RUN
BRENTSVILLE
INDIAN PT.
MATTAWOMAN CR.
BRISTOW
DAVIS FORD
FREESTONE PT.
BLACKWELL
CEDAR R.
DUMFRIES
FLINT HILL
SULPHUR SPRING
CATLETTS
QUANTICO C.
POTOMAC
SHIPPING PT.
CHICKOMOXEN C.
WASHINGTON
THOMPSONS FORD
WARRENTON JUNCTION
PORT TOBACCO
JEFFERSON
LAWSONS FORD
STAFFORD S.R.R.
CHAPAWAMS C. CR.
THORNTONS GAP
FAYETTEVILLE
SMITHS PT.
MARYLAND PT.
GROUND VINE R.
BEALETON
AQUIA CREEK
SPERRYVILLE
WOODVILLE
HAZEL R.
RAPPAHANNOCK
RIVER
STAFFORD C.H.
NORTH FORK
AQUIA CREEK LANDING
BRANDY
BARNETTS FORD
RICHARDSFORD
CULPEPPER C.H.
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
K. GEORGE C.H.
ELY FD.
RAPIDAN R.
GERMANNA MILLS
FREDERICKSBURGH
CEDAR MT.
CROOKED R.
MITCHELLS
RACCOON FORD
ROBERTSON R.
MASSAPONAX R.
PORT ROYAL
MADISON C.H.
WILDERNESS
WALNUT
STANNARDS MARSH
RAPIDAN
BARNETTS FORD
PO R.
GUINNEYS
GRAVES FORD
WHITES FORD
STANNARDSVILLE
ORANGE C.H.
SPOTSYLVANIA C.H.
NORTH FORK
TAR R.
MADISON
DOWNERS BEND
BOWLING GREEN
GORDONSVILLE
THORN HILL
MAT R.
MELTON
MALLARYS FORD
MOUNT PLEASANT
LINDSAYS
NORTH ANNA R.
CHILESBURG
CHESTERFIELD
MATTAPONY R.
COBHAM
LOUISA C.H.
FREDERICKS HALL
DAVENPORTS FORD
TOLENS
BUMPAS
BEAVER DAM
ISLAND FORD
SEXTONS JUNCTION
KESWICK
FOSTERS C.
CHARLOTTESVILLE
NOELS TURN
YANCEYVILLE
SOUTH ANNA
TAYLORSV.
MONTPELIER
UNION MILLS
SHANNON HILL
RIVER
ASHLAND
HANOVER C.H.
OWENS C.
PAMUNKEY R.
GUM SPRING
FLUVANNA C.H.
BUCK C.
CUNNINGHAM C.
BRYANTS FORD
BYRD C.
BEAVERDAM R.
TUCKAHOE
ATLEYS
SCOTTSVILLE
RIVANNA R.
COLUMBIA
HUNGARY
CHICKAHOMINY R.
GOOCHLAND C.H.
JAMES R. CANAL
BELHAM
JAMES RIVER
RICHMOND
CARTERSVILLE
JEFFERSON
COAL MINES
MANCHESTER
SCALE OF MILES
5
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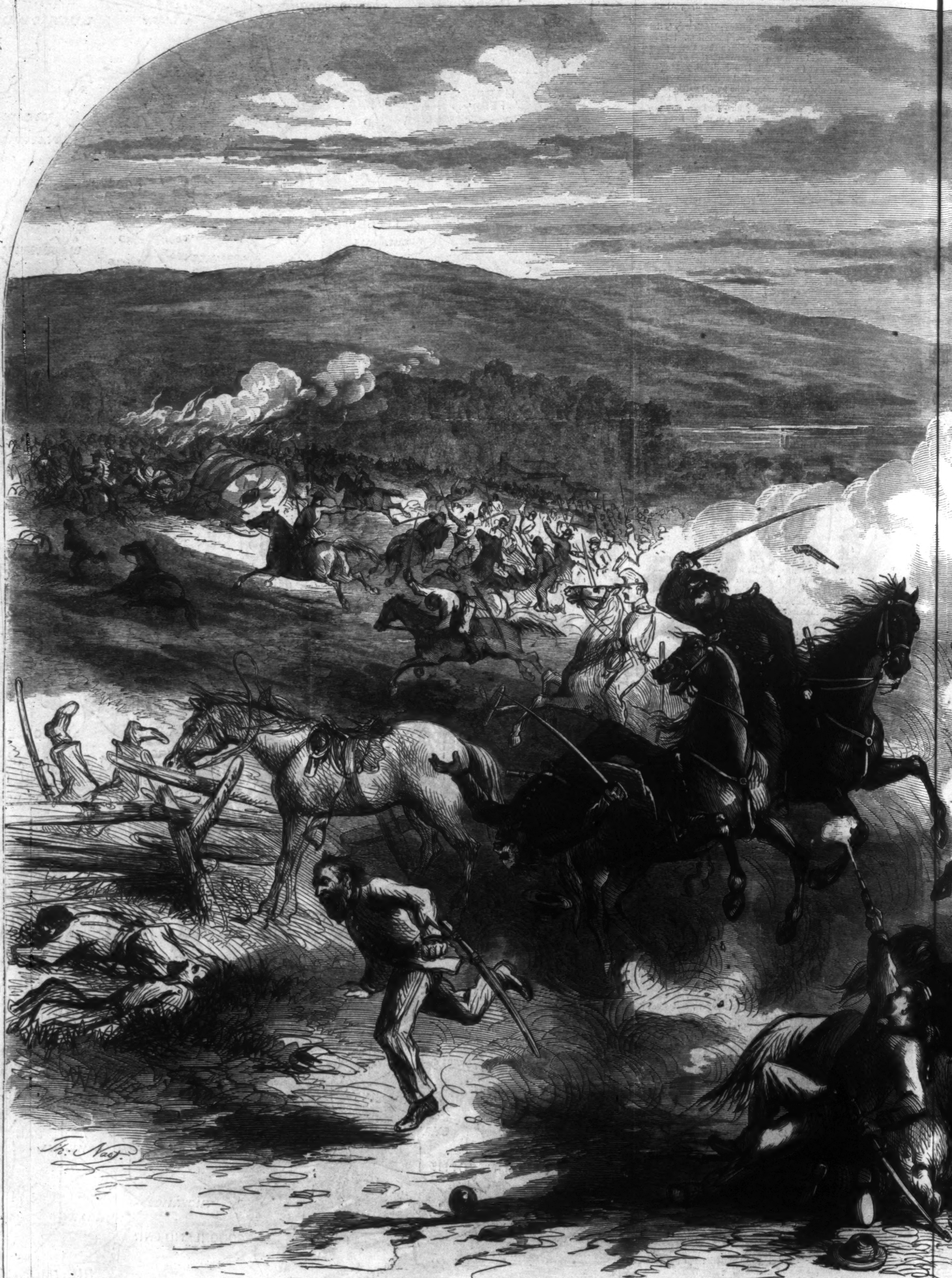
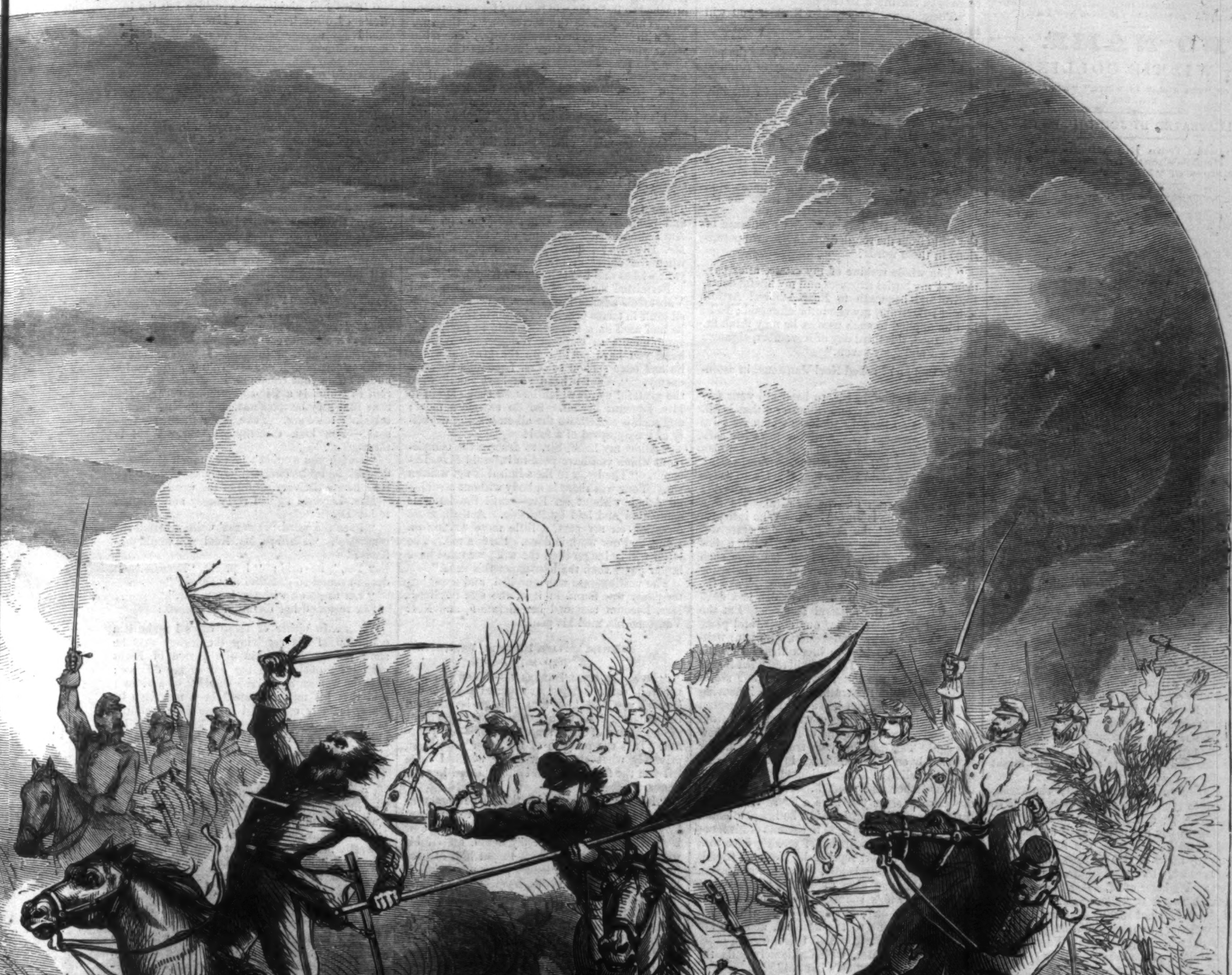
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.



THE WAR FOR THE UNION—SURPRISE OF REBEL GUERRI



RRILLAS BY A SQUADRON OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

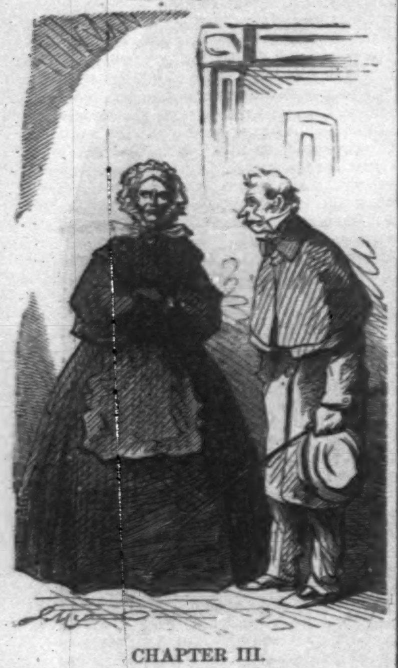
NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER III.

THERE was a pause of a few minutes, while Mrs. Lecount opened the second of the two papers which lay before her on the table, and refreshed her memory by looking it rapidly through. This done, she once more addressed herself to Noel Vanstone, carefully lowering her voice, so as to render it inaudible to any one who might be listening in the passage outside.

"I must beg your permission, Sir," she began, "to return to the subject of your wife. I do so most unwillingly; and I promise you that what I have now to say about her shall be said, for your sake and for mine, in the fewest words. What do we know of this woman, Mr. Noel—judging her by her own confession when she came to us in the character of Miss Garth, and by her own acts afterward at Aldborough? We know that, if death had not snatched your father out of her reach, she was ready with her plot to rob him of the Combe-Raven money. We know that when you inherited the money in your turn, she was ready with her plot to rob *you*. We know how she carried that plot through to the end; and we know that nothing but your death is wanted at this moment to crown her rapacity and her deception with success. We are sure of these things. We are sure that she is young, bold, and clever—that she has neither doubts, scruples, nor pity—and that she possesses the personal qualities which men in general (quite incomprehensibly to *me!*) are weak enough to admire. These are not fancies, Mr. Noel, but facts—you know them as well as I do."

He made a sign in the affirmative, and Mrs. Lecount went on:

"Keep in your mind what I have said of the past, Sir, and now look with me to the future. I hope and trust you have a long life still before you; but let us, for the moment only, suppose the case of your death—your death leaving this will behind you, which gives your fortune to your cousin George. I am told there is an office in London in which copies of all wills must be kept. Any curious stranger who chooses to pay a shilling for the privilege may enter that office, and may read any will in the place at his or her discretion. Do you see what I am coming to, Mr. Noel? Your disinherited widow pays her shilling, and reads your will. Your disinherited widow sees that the Combe-Raven money, which has gone from your father to you, goes next from you to Mr. George Bartram. What is the certain end of that discovery? The end is that you leave to your cousin and your friend the legacy of this woman's vengeance and this woman's deceit—vengeance made more resolute, deceit made more devilish than ever by her exasperation at her own failure. What is your cousin George? He is a generous, unsuspicious man; incapable of deceit himself, and fearing no deception in others. Leave him at the mercy of your wife's unscrupulous fascinations and your wife's unfathomable deceit, and I see the end as certainly as I see you sitting there! She will blind his eyes as she blinded yours; and, in spite of *you*, in spite of *me*, she will have the money!"

She stopped, and left her last words time to gain their hold on his mind. The circumstances had been stated so clearly, the conclusion from them had been so plainly drawn, that he seized her meaning without an effort, and seized it at once.

"I see!" he said, vindictively clenching his hands. "I understand, Lecount! She sha'n't have a farthing. Only tell me what to do—shall I leave it to the admiral?" He paused, and considered a little. "No," he resumed; "there's the same danger in leaving it to the admiral that there is in leaving it to George."

"There is no danger, Mr. Noel, if you will take my advice."

"What is your advice?"

"Follow your own idea, Sir. Take the pen in hand again, and leave the money to Admiral Bartram."

He mechanically dipped the pen in the ink, and then hesitated.

"You shall know where I am leading you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "before you sign your will. In the mean time, let us gain every inch of ground we can as we go on. I want the will to be all written out before we advance a single step beyond it. Begin your third paragraph, Mr. Noel, under the lines which leave me my legacy of five thousand pounds."

She dictated the last momentous sentence of the will (from the rough draft in her own possession) in these words:

"The whole residue of my estate, after payment of my burial expenses and my lawful debts, I give and bequeath to Rear-Admiral Arthur Everard Bartram, my executor aforesaid; to be by him applied to such uses as he may think fit.

"Signed, this third day of November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven."

"Is that all?" asked Noel Vanstone, in astonishment.

"That is enough, Sir, to bequeath your fortune to the admiral; and, therefore, that is all. Now let us go back to the case which we have supposed already. Your widow pays her shilling, and sees this will. There is the Combe-Raven money left to Admiral Bartram, with a declaration in plain words that it is his, to use as he likes. When she sees this, what does she do? She sets her trap for the admiral. He is a bachelor, and he is an old man. Who is to protect him against the arts of this desperate woman? Protect him yourself, Sir, with a few more strokes of that pen which has done such wonders already. You have left him this legacy in your will—which your wife sees. Take the legacy away again in a letter—which is a dead secret between the admiral and you. Put the will and the letter under one cover, and place them in the admiral's possession, with your written directions to him to break the seal on the day of your death. Let the will say what it says now; and let the letter (which is your secret and his) tell him the truth. Say that in leaving him your fortune, you leave it with the request that he will take his legacy with one hand from you, and give it with the other to his nephew George. Tell him that your trust in this matter rests solely on your confidence in his honor, and on your belief in his affectionate remembrance of your father and yourself. You have known the admiral since you were a boy. He has his little whims and oddities—but he is a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and he is utterly incapable of proving false to a trust in his honor, reposed by his dead friend. Meet the difficulty boldly, by such a stratagem as this, and you save these two helpless men from your wife's snares, one by means of the other. Here, on one side, is your will, which gives the fortune to the admiral, and sets her plotting accordingly. And there, on the other side, is your letter, which privately puts the money into the nephew's hands!"

The malicious dexterity of this combination was exactly the dexterity which Noel Vanstone was most fit to appreciate. He tried to express his approval and admiration in words. Mrs. Lecount held up her hand warningly, and closed his lips.

"Wait, Sir, before you express your opinion," she went on. "Half the difficulty is all that we have conquered yet. Let us say, the admiral has made the use of your legacy which you have privately requested him to make of it. Sooner or later, however well the secret may be kept, your wife will discover the truth. What follows that discovery? She lays siege to Mr. George. All you have done is to leave him the money by a roundabout way. There he is, after an interval of time, as much at her mercy as if you had openly mentioned him in your will. What is the remedy for this? The remedy is to mislead her, if we can, for the second time—to set up an obstacle between her and the money, for the protection of your cousin George. Can you guess for yourself, Mr. Noel, what is the most promising obstacle we can put in her way?"

He shook his head. Mrs. Lecount smiled, and startled him into close attention by laying her hand on his arm.

"Put a Woman in her way, Sir!" she whispered, in her wiliest tones. "*We* don't believe in that fascinating beauty of hers, whatever *you* may do. *Our* lips don't burn to kiss those smooth cheeks. *Our* arms don't long to be round that supple waist. *We* see through her smiles and her graces, and her stays and her padding—she can't fascinate *us!* Put a woman in her way, Mr. Noel! Not a woman in my helpless situation, who is only a servant, but a woman with the authority and the jealousy of a Wife. Make it a condition, in your letter to the admiral, that if Mr. George is a bachelor at the time of your death he shall marry within a certain time afterward, or he shall not have the legacy. Suppose he remains single, in spite of your condition, who is to have the money then? Put a woman in your wife's way, Sir, once more, and leave the fortune, in that case, to the married sister of your cousin George."

She paused. Noel Vanstone again attempted to express his opinion, and again Mrs. Lecount's hand extinguished him in silence.

"If you approve, Mr. Noel," she said, "I will take your approval for granted. If you object, I will meet your objection before it is out of your mouth. You may say: Suppose this condition is sufficient to answer the purpose, why hide it in a private letter to the admiral? Why not openly write it down, with my cousin's name attached to it, in the will? Only for one reason, Sir. Only because the secret way is the sure way with such a woman as your wife. The more secret you can keep your intentions the more time you force her to waste in finding them out for herself. That time which she loses is time gained from her treachery by the admiral—time gained by Mr. George (if he is still a bachelor) for his undisturbed choice of a lady—time gained, for her own security, by the object of his choice, who might otherwise be the first object of your wife's suspicion and your wife's hostility. Remember the bottle we have discovered up stairs, and keep this desperate woman ignorant, and therefore harmless, as long as you can. There is my advice, Mr. Noel, in the fewest and plainest words. What do you say, Sir? Am I almost as clever, in my way, as your friend Mr. Bygrave? Can I, too, conspire a little, when the object of my conspiracy is to assist your wishes and to protect your friends?"

Permitted the use of his tongue at last, Noel Vanstone's admiration of Mrs. Lecount expressed itself in terms precisely similar to those which he had used on a former occasion in paying his compliments to Captain Wragge. "What a head you have got!" were the grateful words he had once spoken to Mrs. Lecount's bitterest enemy. "What a head you have got!" were the grateful words which he now spoke again to Mrs. Lecount herself. So do extremes meet; and such is sometimes the all-embracing capacity of the approval of a fool!

"Allow my head, Sir, to deserve the compliment which you have paid to it," said Mrs. Lecount. "The letter to the admiral is not written yet. Your will there is a body without a soul—an Adam without an Eve—until the letter is completed and laid by its side. A little more dictation on my part, a little more writing on yours, and our work is done. Pardon me. The letter will be longer than the will; we must have larger paper than the note-paper this time."

The writing-case was searched, and some letter-paper was found in it of the size required. Mrs. Lecount resumed her dictation, and Noel Vanstone resumed his pen.

"BALIOL COTTAGE, DUMFRIES, *Nov.* 8, 1847.

[PRIVATE.]

"DEAR ADMIRAL BARTRAM,—When you open my Will (in which you are named my sole executor) you will find that I have bequeathed the whole residue of my estate—after payment of one legacy of five thousand pounds—to yourself. It is the purpose of my letter to tell you privately what the object is for which I have left you the fortune which is now placed in your hands.

"I beg you to consider this large legacy as intended, under certain conditions, to be given by you to your nephew George. If your nephew is married at the time of my death, and if his wife is living, I request you to put him at once in possession of your legacy; accompanying it by the expression of my desire (which I am sure he will consider a sacred and binding obligation on him) that he will settle the money on his wife and on his children, if he has any. If, on the other hand, he is unmarried at the time of my death, or if he is a widower—in either of those cases, I make it a condition of his receiving the legacy that he shall be married within the period of—"

Mrs. Lecount laid down the Draft letter from which she had been dictating thus far, and informed Noel Vanstone by a sign that his pen might rest.

"We have come to the question of time, Sir," she observed. "How long will you give your cousin to marry, if he is single or a widower at the time of your death?"

"Shall I give him a year?" inquired Noel Vanstone.

"If we had nothing to consider but the interests of Propriety," said Mrs. Lecount, "I should say a year too, Sir—especially if Mr. George should happen to be a widower. But we have your wife to consider as well as the interests of Propriety. A year of delay between your death and your cousin's marriage is a dangerously long time to leave the disposal of your fortune in suspense. Give a determined woman a year to plot and contrive in and there is no saying what she may not do."

"Six months?" suggested Noel Vanstone.

"Six months, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "runs a little too far, I think, into the opposite extreme. Take off two or three months from the time that is too long, and add two or three months to the time that is too short. Stop! an idea comes to me. Your wife may discover that there is an interval allowed to Mr. George—but she may not also discover the time over which that interval extends. She may be obliged to guess at it. Puzzle her even there, Mr. Noel, if you possibly can! People easily guess a year; people easily guess six months. Suppose you say *Eight?* Eight months from the time of your death is a time not easily guessed—eight months is a strange, unlikely interval. It will baffle your wife's penetration if she is driven to guess-work; and it offers your cousin an interval to get married in which is a fair compromise between the time that may be too short, and the time that is certainly too long. Take it for those two reasons.—You look discomposed, Sir. What is the matter?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about my death," he broke out, petulantly. "I don't like it! I hate the very sound of the word!"

Mrs. Lecount smiled resignedly and referred to her Draft.

"I see the word 'Decease' written here," she remarked. "Perhaps, Mr. Noel, you would prefer it?"

"Yes," he said; "I prefer 'Decease.' It doesn't sound so dreadful as 'Death.'"

"Let us go on with the letter, Sir."

She resumed her dictation as follows:

"………in either of those cases I make it a condition of his receiving the legacy that he shall be married within the period of Eight calendar months from the day of my decease; that the woman he marries shall *not* be a widow; and that his marriage shall be a marriage by Bans, publicly celebrated in the parish church of Ossory—where he has been known from his childhood, and where the family and circumstances of his future wife are likely to be the subject of public interest and inquiry."

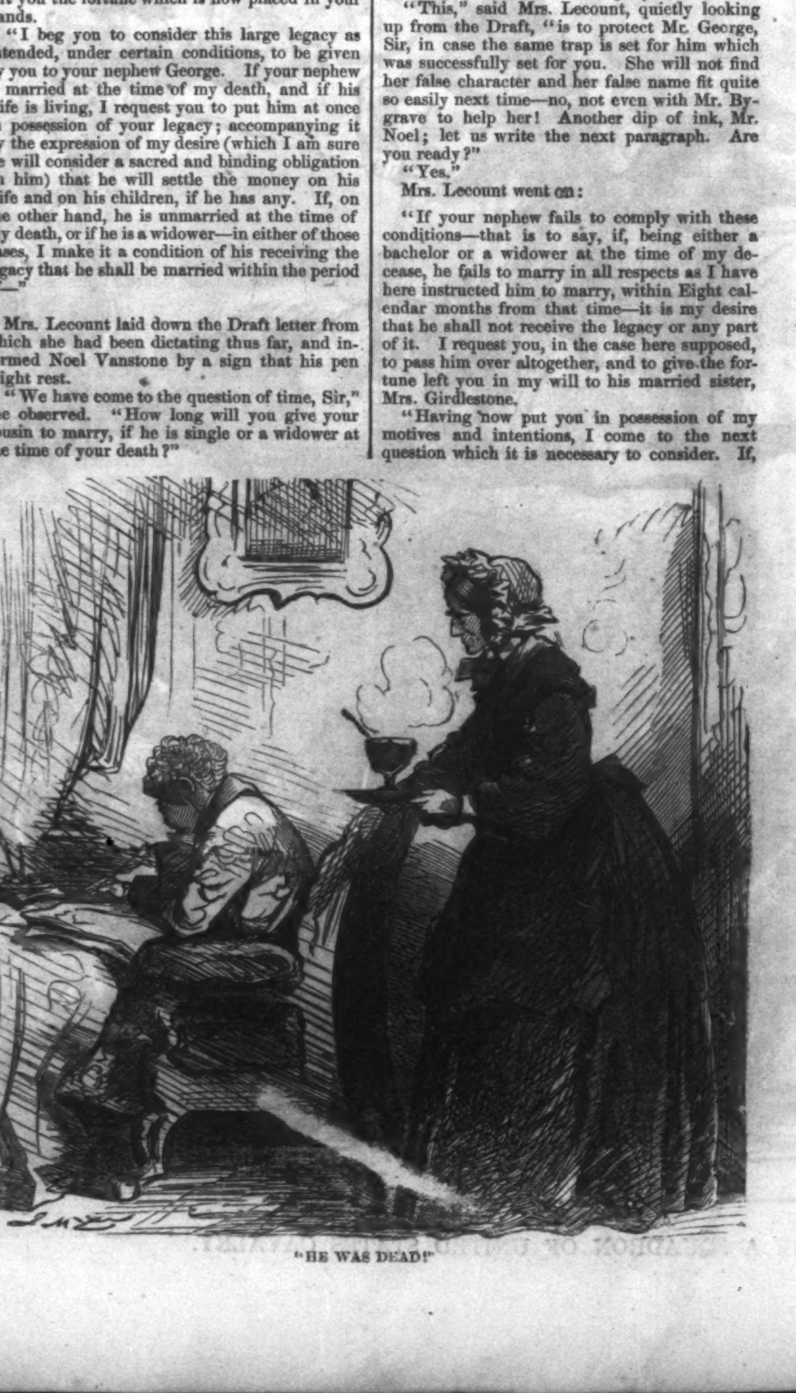
"This," said Mrs. Lecount, quietly looking up from the Draft, "is to protect Mr. George, Sir, in case the same trap is set for him which was successfully set for you. She will not find her false character and her false name fit quite so easily next time—no, not even with Mr. Bygrave to help her! Another dip of ink, Mr. Noel; let us write the next paragraph. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount went on:

"If your nephew fails to comply with these conditions—that is to say, if, being either a bachelor or a widower at the time of my decease, he fails to marry in all respects as I have here instructed him to marry, within Eight calendar months from that time—it is my desire that he shall not receive the legacy or any part of it. I request you, in the case here supposed, to pass him over altogether, and to give the fortune left you in my will to his married sister, Mrs. Girdlestone.

"Having now put you in possession of my motives and intentions, I come to the next question which it is necessary to consider. If,



"HE WAS DEAD!"

when you open this letter, your nephew is an unmarried man, it is clearly indispensable that he should know of the conditions here imposed on him as soon, if possible, as you know of them yourself. Are you, under these circumstances, freely to communicate to him what I have here written to you? Or are you to leave him under the impression that no such private expression of my wishes as this is in existence; and are you to state all the conditions relating to his marriage as if they emanated entirely from yourself?

"If you will adopt this latter alternative you will add one more to the many obligations under which your friendship has placed me.

"I have serious reason to believe that the possession of my money, and the discovery of any peculiar arrangements relating to the disposal of it, will be objects (after my decease) of the fraud and conspiracy of an unscrupulous person. I am therefore anxious—for your sake, in the first place—that no suspicion of the existence of this letter should be conveyed to the mind of the person to whom I allude. And I am equally desirous—for Mrs. Girdlestone's sake, in the second place—that this same person should be entirely ignorant that the legacy will pass into Mrs. Girdlestone's possession if your nephew is not married in the given time. I know George's easy, pliable disposition; I dread the attempts that will be made to practice on it; and I feel sure that the prudent course will be to abstain from trusting him with secrets, the rash revelation of which might be followed by serious and even dangerous results.

"State the conditions, therefore, to your nephew as if they were your own. Let him think they have been suggested to your mind by the new responsibilities imposed on you as a man of property, by your position in my will, and by your consequent anxiety to provide for the perpetuation of the family name. If these reasons are not sufficient to satisfy him there can be no objection to your referring him, for any further explanations which he may desire, to his wedding-day.

"I have done. My last wishes are now confided to you, in implicit reliance on your honor, and on your tender regard for the memory of your friend. Of the miserable circumstances which compel me to write as I have written here I say nothing. You will hear of them, if my life is spared, from my own lips, for you will be the first friend whom I shall consult in my difficulty and distress. Keep this letter strictly secret, and strictly in your own possession, until my requests are complied with. Let no human being but yourself know where it is on any pretense whatever.

"Believe me, dear Admiral Bartram,
"Affectionately yours,
"Noel Vanstone."

"Have you signed, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Let me look the letter over, if you please, before we seal it up."

She read the letter carefully. In Noel Vanstone's close, cramped handwriting it filled two pages of letter-paper, and ended at the top of the third page. Instead of using an envelope, Mrs. Lecount folded it neatly and securely in the old-fashioned way. She lit the taper in the inkstand, and returned the letter to the writer.

"Seal it, Mr. Noel," she said, "with your own hand and your own seal." She extinguished the taper, and handed him the pen again. "Address the letter, Sir," she proceeded, "to *Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, Essex.* Now add these words, and sign them, above the address: *To be kept in your own possession, and to be opened by yourself only, on the day of my death*—or 'decease,' if you prefer it—*Noel Vanstone.* Have you done? Let me look at it again. Quite right, in every particular. Accept my congratulations, Sir. If your wife has not plotted her last plot for the Combe-Raven money it is not your fault, Mr. Noel—and not mine!"

Finding his attention released by the completion of the letter, Noel Vanstone reverted at once to purely personal considerations. "There is my packing-up to be thought of now," he said. "I can't go away without my warm things."

"Excuse me, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "there is the Will to be signed first; and there must be two persons found to witness your signature." She looked out of the front window, and saw the carriage waiting at the door. "The coachman will do for one of the witnesses," she said. "He is in respectable service at Dumfries, and he can be found if he happens to be wanted. We must have one of your own servants, I suppose, for the other witness. They are all detestable women—but the cook is the least ill-looking of the three. Send for the cook, Sir, while I go out and call the coachman. When we have got our witnesses here you have only to speak to them in these words: 'I have a document here to sign, and I wish you to write your names on it as witnesses of my signature.' Nothing more, Mr. Noel. Say those few words in your usual manner; and when the signing is over I will see myself to your packing-up and your warm things."

She went to the front-door and summoned the coachman to the parlor. On her return she found the cook already in the room. The cook looked mysteriously offended, and stared without intermission at Mrs. Lecount. In a minute more the coachman—an elderly man—came in. He was preceded by a relishing odor of whisky—but his head was Scotch; and nothing but his odor betrayed him.

"I have a document here to sign," said Noel Vanstone, repeating his lesson; "and I wish you to write your names on it as witnesses of my signature."

The coachman looked at the will. The cook never removed her eyes from Mrs. Lecount.

"Ye'll no object, Sir," said the coachman, with the national caution showing itself in every wrinkle on his face—"ye'll no object, Sir, to tell me first what the Doecument may be?"

Mrs. Lecount interposed before Noel Vanstone's indignation could express itself in words.

"There can be no objection, Sir, to your telling the man that this is your Will," she said. "When he witnesses your signature, he can see as much for himself if he looks at the top of the page."

"Ay, ay," said the coachman, looking at the top of the page immediately. "His last Wull and Testament. Hech, Sirs! there's a sair confronting of Death in a Doecument like yon! A' flesh is grass," continued the coachman, exhaling an additional puff of whisky, and looking up devoutly at the ceiling. "Tak' those words in connection with that other Screepture: Many are ca'ad but few are chosen. Tak' that again in connection with Rev'lations, Chapter the First, verses One to Fefteen. Lay the whole to heart, and what's your Walth then? Dross, Sirs! And your body? (Screepture again.) Clay for the potter! And your life? (Screepture once more.) The Breeth o' your Nostrils!"

The cook listened as if the cook was at church; but she never removed her eyes from Mrs. Lecount.

"You had better sign, Sir. This is apparently some custom prevalent in Dumfries during the transaction of business," said Mrs. Lecount, resignedly. "The man means well, I dare say."

She added those last words in a soothing tone, for she saw that Noel Vanstone's indignation was fast merging into alarm. The coachman's outburst of exhortation seemed to have inspired him with fear as well as disgust.

He dipped the pen in the ink and signed the Will without uttering a word. The coachman (descending instantly from Theology to Business) watched the signature with the most scrupulous attention; and signed his own name as witness, with an implied commentary on the proceeding in the form of another puff of whisky, exhaled through the medium of a heavy sigh. The cook looked away from Mrs. Lecount with an effort—signed her name in a violent hurry, and looked back again with a start, as if she expected to see a loaded pistol (produced in the interval) in the housekeeper's hands. "Thank you!" said Mrs. Lecount, in her friendliest manner. The cook shut up her lips aggressively, and looked at her master. "You may go!" said her master. The cook coughed contemptuously and went.

"We sha'n't keep you long," said Mrs. Lecount, dismissing the coachman. "In half an hour, or less, we shall be ready for the journey back."

The coachman's austere countenance relaxed for the first time. He smiled mysteriously, and approached Mrs. Lecount on tip-toe.

"Ye'll no forget one thing, my leddy," he said, with the most ingratiating politeness. "Ye'll no forget the witnessing, as weel as the driving, when ye pay me for my day's wark!" He laughed with guttural gravity; and, leaving his atmosphere behind him, stalked out of the room.

"Lecount," said Noel Vanstone, as soon as the coachman closed the door. "Did I hear you tell that man we should be ready in half an hour?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Are you blind?"

He asked the question with an angry stamp of his foot. Mrs. Lecount looked at him in astonishment.

"Can't you see the brute is drunk?" he went on, more and more irritably. "Is my life nothing? Am I to be left at the mercy of a drunken coachman? I won't trust that man to drive me for any consideration under heaven! I'm surprised you could think of it, Lecount."

"The man has been drinking, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "It is easy to see and to smell that. But he is evidently used to drinking. If he is sober enough to walk quite straight, which he certainly does, and to sign his name in an excellent handwriting, which you may see for yourself on the Will, I venture to think he is sober enough to drive us to Dumfries."

"Nothing of the sort! You're a foreigner, Lecount; you don't understand these people. They drink whisky from morning to night. Whisky is the strongest spirit that's made; whisky is notorious for its effect on the brain. I tell you I won't run the risk. I never was driven, and I never will be driven, by any body but a sober man."

"Must I go back to Dumfries by myself, Sir?"

"And leave me here? Leave me alone in this house after what has happened? How do I know my wife may not come back to-night? How do I know her journey is not a blind to mislead me? Have you no feeling, Lecount? Can you leave me, in my miserable situation—?" He sank into a chair and burst out crying over his own idea before he had completed the expression of it in words. "Too bad!" he said, with his handkerchief over his face—"too bad!"

It was impossible not to pity him. If ever mortal was pitiable, he was the man. He had broken down at last, under the conflict of violent emotions which had been roused in him since the morning. The effort to follow Mrs. Lecount along the mazes of intricate combination through which she had steadily led the way had upheld him while that effort lasted; the moment it was at an end he dropped. The coachman had hastened a result—of which the coachman was far from being the cause.

"You surprise me, you distress me, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "I entreat you to compose yourself. I will stay here, if you wish it, with pleasure—I will stay here to-night for your sake. You want rest and quiet after this dreadful day. The coachman shall be instantly sent away, Mr. Noel. I will give him a note to the landlord of the hotel, and the carriage shall come back for us to-morrow morning with another man to drive it."

The prospect which those words presented cheered him. He wiped his eyes, and kissed Mrs. Lecount's hand.

"Yes," he said, faintly; "send the coachman away—and you stop here. You good creature! You excellent Lecount! Send the drunken brute away and come back directly. We will be comfortable by the fire, Lecount—and have a nice little dinner—and try to make it like old times." His weak voice faltered; he returned to the fireside, and melted into tears again under the pathetic influence of his own idea.

Mrs. Lecount left him for a minute to dismiss the coachman. When she returned to the parlor she found him with his hand on the bell.

"What do you want, Sir?" she asked.

"I want to tell the servants to get your room ready," he answered. "I wish to show you every attention, Lecount."

"You are all kindness, Mr. Noel; but wait one moment. It may be well to have these papers put out of the way before the servant comes in again. If you will place the Will and the Sealed Letter together in one envelope—and if you will direct it to the admiral—I will take care that the inclosure so addressed is safely placed in his own hands. Will you come to the table, Mr. Noel, only for one moment more?"

No! He was obstinate; he refused to move from the fire; he was sick and tired of writing; he wished he had never been born, and he loathed the sight of pen and ink. All Mrs. Lecount's patience, and all Mrs. Lecount's persuasion, were required to induce him to write the admiral's address for the second time. She only succeeded by bringing the blank envelope to him upon the paper-case, and putting it coaxingly on his lap. He grumbled, he even swore, but he directed the envelope at last in these terms: "To Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. Favored by Mrs. Lecount." With that final act of compliance his docility came to an end. He refused, in the fiercest terms, to seal the envelope.

There was no need to press this proceeding on him. His seal lay ready on the table; and it mattered nothing whether he used it or whether a person in his confidence used it for him. Mrs. Lecount sealed the envelope with its two important inclosures placed safely inside.

She opened her traveling-bag for the last time, and paused for a moment before she put the sealed packet away, looked at it with a triumph too deep for words. She smiled as she dropped it into the bag. Not the shadow of a suspicion that the Will might contain superfluous phrases and expressions which no practical lawyer would have used; not the vestige of a doubt whether the Letter was quite as complete a document as a practical lawyer might have made it, troubled her mind. In blind reliance—born of her hatred for Magdalen and her hunger for revenge—in blind reliance on her own abilities, and on her friend's law, she trusted the future implicitly to the promise of the morning's work.

As she locked her traveling-bag Noel Vanstone rang the bell. On this occasion the summons was answered by Louisa.

"Get the spare room ready," said her master; "this lady will sleep here to-night. And air my warm things; this lady and I are going away to-morrow morning."

The civil and submissive Louisa received her orders in sullen silence, darted an angry look at her master's impenetrable guest, and left the room. The servants were evidently all attached to their mistress's interests, and were all of one opinion on the subject of Mrs. Lecount.

"That's done!" said Noel Vanstone, with a sigh of infinite relief. "Come and sit down, Lecount. Let's be comfortable—let's gossip over the fire."

Mrs. Lecount accepted the invitation, and drew an easy-chair to his side. He took her hand with a confidential tenderness, and held it in his, while the talk went on. A stranger looking in through the window would have taken them for mother and son, and would have thought to himself, "What a happy home!"

The gossip, led by Noel Vanstone, consisted, as usual, of an endless string of questions, and was devoted entirely to the subject of himself and his future prospects. Where would Lecount take him to when they went away the next morning? Why to London? Why should he be left in London, while Lecount went on to St. Crux to give the admiral the Letter and the Will? Because his wife might follow him if he went to the admiral's? Well, there was something in that. And because he ought to be safely concealed from her in some comfortable lodging near Mr. Loscombe? Why near Mr. Loscombe? Ah, yes, to be sure—to know what the law would do to help him. Would the law set him free from the Wretch who had deceived him? How tiresome of Lecount not to know! Would the law say he had gone and married himself a second time because he had been living with the Wretch like husband and wife in Scotland? Any thing that publicly assumed to be a marriage *was* a marriage (he had heard) in Scotland? How excessively tiresome of Lecount to sit there and say she knew nothing about it! Was he to stay long in London by himself, with nobody but Mr. Loscombe to speak to? Would Lecount come back to him as soon as she had put those important papers in the admiral's own hands? Would Lecount consider herself still in his service? The good Lecount! the excellent Lecount! And after all the law business was over, what then? Why not leave this horrid England and go abroad again? Why not go to France, to some cheap place near Paris? Say Versailles? say St. Germain? In a nice little French house—cheap? With a nice French *bonne* to cook—who wouldn't waste his substance in the grease-pot? With a nice little garden—where he could work himself, and get health, and save the expense of keeping a gardener? It wasn't a bad idea? And it seemed to promise well for the future—didn't it, Lecount?

So he ran on—the poor, weak creature! the abject, miserable little man!

As the darkness gathered at the close of the short November day, he began to grow drowsy—his ceaseless questions came to an end at last—he fell asleep. The wind outside sang its mournful winter-song; the tramp of passing footsteps, the roll of passing wheels on the road, ceased in dreary silence. He slept on quietly. The firelight rose and fell on his wizen little face, and his nerveless, drooping hands. Mrs. Lecount had not pitied him yet. She began to pity him now. Her point was gained; her interest in his will was secured; he had put his future life, of his own accord, under her fostering care—the fire was comfortable; the circumstances were favorable to the growth of Christian feeling. "Poor wretch!" said Mrs. Lecount, looking at him with a grave compassion—"Poor wretch!"

The dinner hour roused him. He was cheerful at dinner; he reverted to the idea of the cheap little house in France; he smirked and simpered; and talked French to Mrs. Lecount, while the housemaid and Louisa waited, turn and turn about, under protest. When dinner was over, he returned to his comfortable chair before the fire, and Mrs. Lecount followed him. He resumed the conversation—which meant, in his case, repeating his questions. But he was not so quick and ready with them as he had been earlier in the day. They began to flag—they continued, at longer and longer intervals—they ceased altogether. Toward nine o'clock he fell asleep again.

It was not a quiet sleep this time. He muttered, and ground his teeth, and rolled his head from side to side of the chair. Mrs. Lecount purposely made noise enough to rouse him. He woke with a vacant eye and a flushed cheek. He walked about the room restlessly, with a new idea in his mind—the idea of writing a terrible letter; a letter of eternal farewell to his wife. How was it to be written? In what language should he express his feelings? The powers of Shakspeare himself would be unequal to the emergency! He had been the victim of an outrage entirely without parallel. A wretch had crept into his bosom! A viper had hidden herself at his fireside! Where could words be found to brand her with the infamy she deserved? He stopped with a suffocating sense in him of his own impotent rage—he stopped and shook his fist tremulously in the empty air.

Mrs. Lecount interfered with an energy and a resolution inspired by serious alarm. After the heavy strain that had been laid on his weakness already, such an outbreak of passionate agitation as was now bursting from him might be the destruction of his rest that night and of his strength to travel the next day. With infinite difficulty, with endless promises to return to the subject, and to advise him about it in the morning, she prevailed on him at last to go up stairs and compose himself for the night. She gave him her arm to assist him. On the way up stairs his attention, to her great relief, became suddenly absorbed by a new fancy. He remembered a certain warm and comforting mixture of wine, egg, sugar, and spices, which she had often been accustomed to make for him in former times, and which he thought he should relish exceedingly before he went to bed. Mrs. Lecount helped him on with his dressing-gown, then went down stairs again to make his warm drink for him at the parlor fire.

She rang the bell, and ordered the necessary ingredients for the mixture in Noel Vanstone's name. The servants, with the small ingenious malice of their race, brought up the materials one by one, and kept her waiting for each of them as long as possible. She had got the sauce-pan, and the spoon, and the tumbler, and the nutmeg-grater, and the wine—but not the egg, the sugar, or the spices—when she heard him above walking backward and forward noisily in his room, exciting himself on the old subject again beyond all doubt.

She went up stairs once more; but he was too quick for her—he heard her outside the door; and when she opened it she found him in his chair, with his back cunningly turned toward her. Knowing him too well to attempt any remonstrance, she merely announced the speedy arrival of the warm drink, and turned to leave the room. On her way out she noticed a table in a corner, with an ink-stand and a paper-case on it, and tried, without attracting his attention, to take the writing materials away. He was too quick for her again. He asked angrily if she doubted his promise. She put the writing materials back on the table, for fear of offending him, and left the room.

In half an hour more the mixture was ready. She carried it up to him, foaming and fragrant, in a large tumbler. "He will sleep after this," she thought to herself as she opened the door; "I have made it stronger than usual on purpose."

He had changed his place. He was sitting at the table in the corner—still with his back to her—writing. This time his quick ears had not served him. This time she had caught him in the fact.

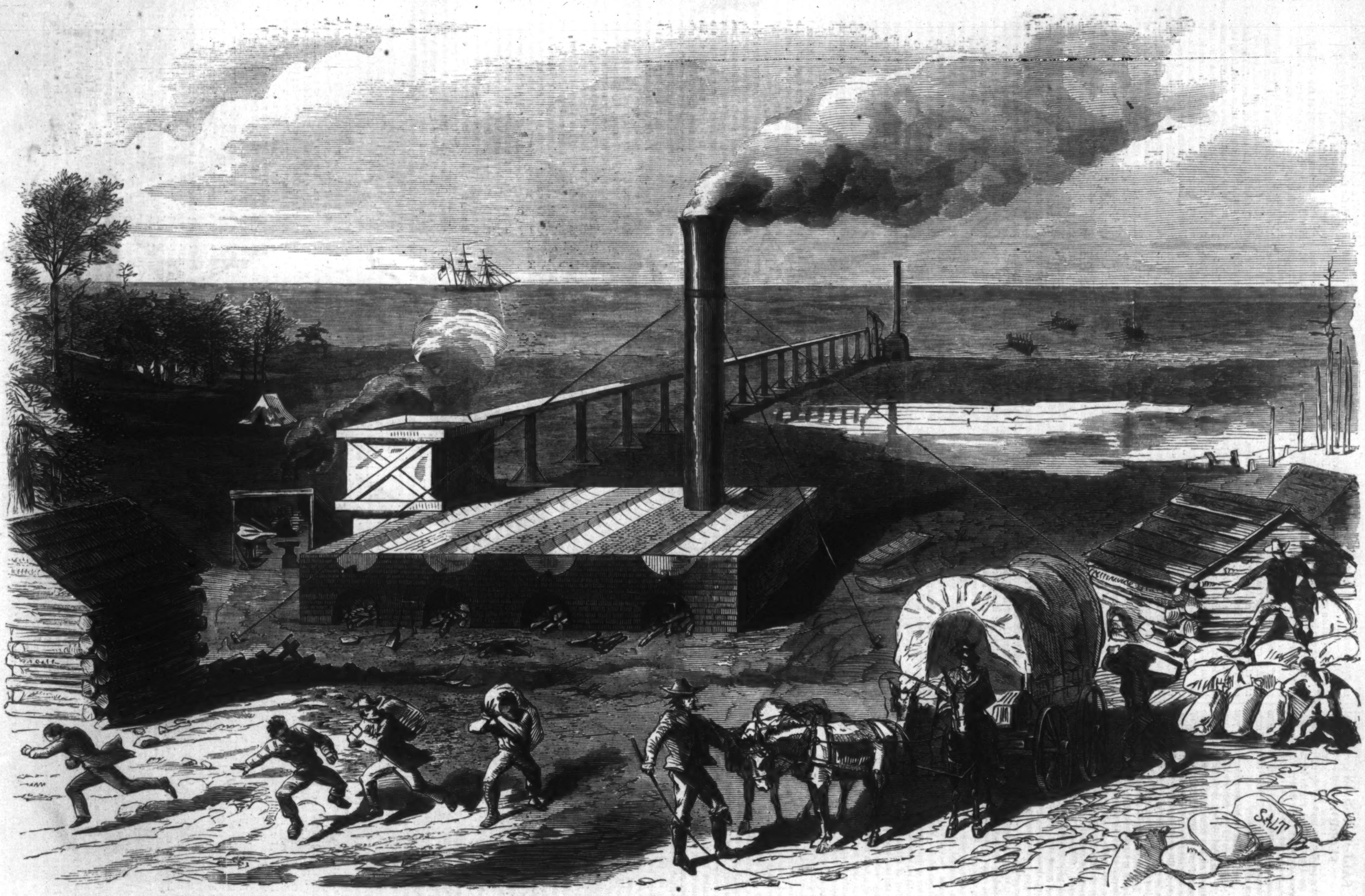
"Oh, Mr. Noel! Mr. Noel!" she said, reproachfully, "what is your promise worth?"

He made no answer. He was sitting with his left elbow on the table, and with his head resting on his left hand. His right hand lay back on the paper, with the pen lying loose in it. "Your drink, Mr. Noel," she said, in a kinder tone, feeling unwilling to offend him. He took no notice of her.

She went to the table to rouse him. Was he deep in thought?

He was dead!

THE END OF THE FIFTH SCENE.



DESTRUCTION OF A REBEL SALT FACTORY, ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA, BY THE CREW OF THE UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER."—Sketched by an Officer engaged.—[See next Page.]

SALT-WORKS IN FLORIDA.

We publish on page 732 a view of the Destruction of a Salt Manufactory on the Coast of Florida by the crew of the United States bark *Kingfisher*. The affair is described in the following letter from an officer engaged:

"U. S. Bark 'Kingfisher,' St. Joseph's Bay, Fla., *Sept.* 15, 1862.

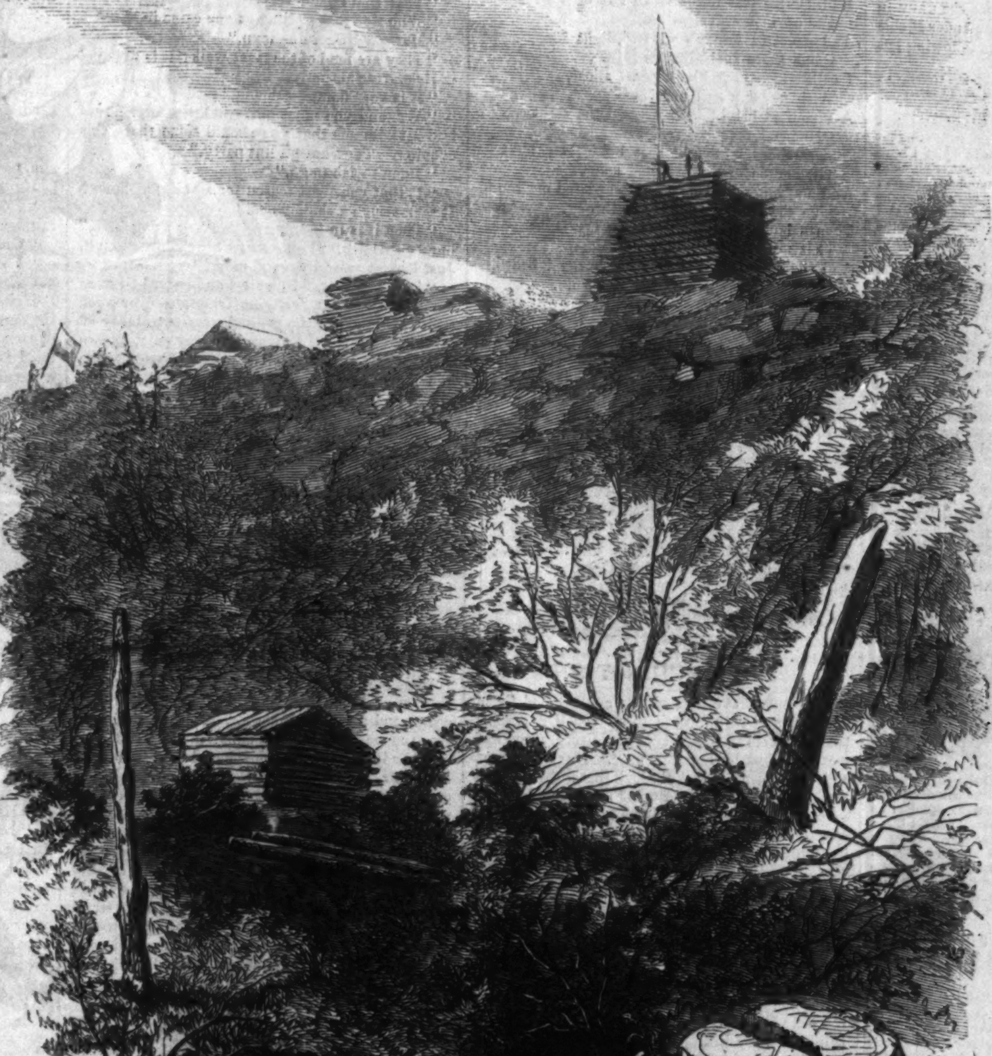
"I am glad to say that, after waiting all this time, I have had a chance to see active service. You can imagine with what pleasure we received the order to up anchor, as we knew our destination was the salt-works, at the head of the bay.

"About two weeks since we had a lot of contrabands come off, who informed us that there were extensive salt-works at the town of St. Joseph, making from 100 to 150 bushels a day, and not yet completed. We sent a flag of truce, and politely informed them that they must stop, or we should destroy them. They paid no attention to us, but continued their fire day and night.

"We got under way at daylight, sailed up the bay with a fair wind, and came to anchor about a quarter of a mile from the works. As we came in sight we could perceive an unusual excitement, and observed wagons driving inland at a furious pace. We gave them two hours to quit, and then fired a few shells into the works, which had the effect of bringing two contrabands to the beach with a salt-bag, which they waved most furiously. We sent a boat for them, and found out that they had removed about two hundred bags of salt and some provisions, but that every thing remained with this exception; and also the intelligence that there were about eighty guerrillas, mounted, three miles back in the country, and would probably be down to see what was going on. As soon as we obtained this information we manned all the boats, leaving enough men on board to man the battery. I had been ordered to take command of the picket-guard, and station them about a quarter of a mile inland, surrounding the works. You may imagine that was rather skittish work with twenty men to go into the woods out of sight of the ship; but we all drew up on the beach, the pickets in front (in all about fifty men), loaded muskets and fixed bayonets—the whole under command of Mr. Hallet, executive officer. We started, whistling Yankee Doodle. I advanced my men in a straight line to the other side of the works, when we entered the woods and extended our lines entirely around the place. The main body then began their work of destruction, and in less than two hours the whole place was in flames, and the machinery broken up.

"I send you a sketch. The whole coast of Florida is lined with these works of a smaller size. This one, when finished, would have been capable of making five hundred bushels a day, at $10 per bushel."

When the new military colony is fairly under way these salt factories will probably become of some national importance.



SUMMIT STATION ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We republish herewith a picture by Mr. Waud, representing

SUMMIT STATION ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

Maryland Heights is the highest point occupied by the army. The signal-station commands the whole country for many miles around, and is in constant communication with other stations, conveying messages to and from head-quarters. Maryland Heights is by nature nearly impregnable, and could easily be held by four regiments against 50,000 men. From it Harper's Ferry, and Bolivar, and Loudon Heights are entirely commanded, as well as Pleasant Valley, and the towns of Sandy Hook and Knoxville.

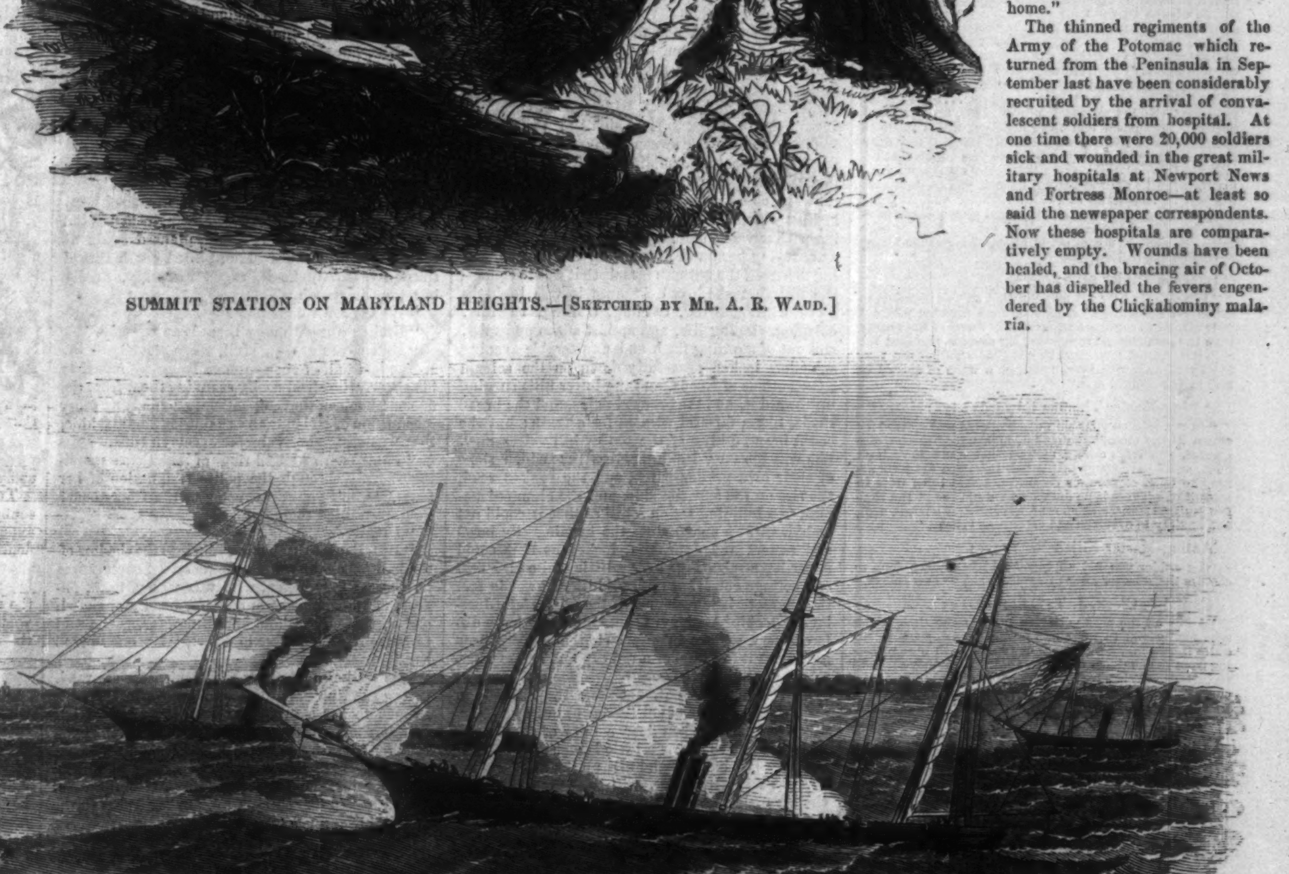
The view from the summit is a magnificent one. The Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, the Blue Ridge, the Bull Run Mountains, the Kittoctan Mountains, North and South Mountains, etc.—the towns of Winchester, Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Shepherdstown, and a number of others, are all overlooked by these heights, from which the lines of both armies are also visible. At night, through a powerful glass, the enemy's pickets are visible. But perhaps the most interesting scene is the view at sunrise, when the valleys are filled with joy—looking over the clouds tinged rosy-red by the sun, it seems as if a violent sea had been frozen into stillness at an instant, the mountains rising like islands from the heavy masses of vapor.

CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS.

We publish on page 721 an illustration of Convalescent Soldiers on their way to join their Regiments, from a sketch by Mr. J. A. Oertel. He writes:

"The subject struck me when I saw it as one of interest in the present period. Washington just now is very dry and dusty, as I have indicated in the sketch. The soldiers were under escort. This is military fashion. They were on their way to the railway station near the capital, and belonged to different regiments, representing nearly all the States, and were in every variety of garb. You will perceive they are not in Broadway fashion. The soldier who has seen service is a different looking object from the trim gent he was when he left home."

The thinned regiments of the Army of the Potomac which returned from the Peninsula in September last have been considerably recruited by the arrival of convalescent soldiers from hospital. At one time there were 20,000 soldiers sick and wounded in the great military hospitals at Newport News and Fortress Monroe—at least so said the newspaper correspondents. Now these hospitals are comparatively empty. Wounds have been healed, and the bracing air of October has dispelled the fevers engendered by the Chickahominy malaria.



THE REBEL STEAMER "OVETO" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE CHASED BY THE U. S. STEAM-SLOOP "ONEIDA."—[Sketched by the Surgeon of the "Oneida."]

THE ESCAPE OF THE "OVETO."

WE publish herewith an illustration of the REBEL STEAMER "OVETO" RUNNING INTO MOBILE under the fire of the United States steam-sloop *Oneida* on 4th September ult. We mentioned the circumstance at the time. It turned out that the rebel had only thirteen men on board who were fit for duty at the time. Secretary Welles, deeming that Commander Preble, who was in command of our squadron off Mobile, had been remiss in the execution of his duty, dismissed him from the navy in consequence. From this appeal Commander Preble has appealed to the President in the following letter:

"UNITED STATES SLOOP 'ONEIDA,'
OFF MOBILE, Oct. 10, 1862.

"*To the President of the United States:*

"SIR,—I do not believe you would do intentional injustice to any one; yet you have done me the most cruel injustice, and dismissed me from a service in which I have passed twenty-seven years of my life, without trial, without a hearing, and on insufficient and incomplete evidence.

"You have assailed my *honor*, which is dearer to me than life, and you have caused to be proclaimed that I failed to do my utmost to take and capture a vessel of the enemy, and omitted to perform the most ordinary duty of an officer. This sentence and this opinion you have directed to be read to the assembled crews of every vessel in the navy and entered upon the ships' logs.

"I can prove by every officer and man on board this ship, or who was present on the occasion referred to, that I did do my utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy the *Oveto* at the time referred to, and that, omitting no duty, I performed my whole, entire duty energetically and faithfully, as I have ever done while in the service.

"I demand, therefore, a fair, and full, and instant investigation of all the circumstances before a Court of Inquiry, and, when acquitted, that my innocence shall be proclaimed in the same manner as the sentence of dismissal has been promulgated, and that the record of my disgrace shall, by official order, be expunged from the log-books of the navy.

"As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I ask of you this justice, which I am sure you will grant.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"GEORGE HENRY PREBLE,
Commander United States Navy."

Together with copy of this appeal, Commander Preble has sent us the following extracts from the evidence of his officers.

Lieutenant Commander Sicard, executive officer, says:

"The ship was prepared for action in season, and when the character of the chase became apparent you did your utmost to capture or destroy her. As far as my observation went you displayed zeal, energy, and anxiety in pursuit of the chase.... I can not suggest any precaution you omitted."

Lieutenant Brown says:

...."The crew were at quarters and the ship cleared for action in ample season; and when the character of the chase was become apparent you did, in my opinion, do your utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy her. I know of no duty committed to a commanding officer that you omitted on that occasion. So far as I observed you did exhibit energy, zeal, and anxiety in the pursuit to overtake and capture the chase.... I can not suggest any precautions that were omitted."

Chief Engineer Dade says:

"In my opinion you cleared your ship for action in the promptest manner, and exhibited the greatest energy, zeal, and anxiety in overtaking and capturing the chase."

Acting-Master F. M. Green says:

"The awnings were furled, decks cleared, and crew called to quarters in ample time for any emergency.... But for his superior speed, which enabled him to draw ahead of us, nothing could have saved him.... Until the *Oveto* was close to us I felt sure she was one of the number of English steamers-of-war which I have seen inspecting the blockade."

Paymaster Hassler says:

"The energy and zeal with which you began the action, and, so far as my observation extended, continued it, will be always remembered by me.... Of vigilance there certainly was no neglect.... That the ship was cleared for action I have stated above; and that you did not fail to do your utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy the vessel we were pursuing was evident to myself from your repeated orders for quicker firing and cautions to greater accuracy of aim, as well as to the engineers.... I have carefully read the Act approved July 17. 1862, articles 1 and 2, and paragraphs 9 and 10 of article 3, which relate to commanders of vessels, and I can not imagine any duty there enumerated which you failed to perform on that occasion. I do not think more than *four* shots were fired when, being in the ward-room, I heard you on deck give the order *several* times to go ahead *faster;* and, on going out into the steerage country, inquired what was the matter, when one of the engineers told me the engines were doing the best the steam would allow, owing to the recent repairs on the boilers."

Surgeon Taylor says:

"I cheerfully bear witness, Sir, that on this occasion, so far as my knowledge extends of such matters, you did your utmost to capture or destroy this vessel of the enemy from the moment you recognized her as such, and that the ship was cleared for action in due time—neither did you, in any manner whatever, manifest a want of energy or zeal in your official acts."

Acting-Master Thomas Edwards says:

"In my opinion your ship was prepared and cleared for action in the promptest manner, and, under the circumstances, you left nothing undone that could have been done, and I have every reason to believe you did your utmost to take, capture, or destroy the vessel you were in pursuit of. There is no duty that I could see at the time you omitted; and you showed the greatest energy, zeal, and anxiety to overtake and capture the chase."

Acting-Master Elijah Ross says:

"I consider you did all that could have been done to capture the steamer after discovering she was an enemy."

Captain's Clerk, J. T. Dalton, says:

"I was on the poop with you most of the time, being sent for by you to the engine-room several times to inquire if we could not increase our speed, each time receiving from the engineer on watch the answer—they could do no better.... When we had rounded to and abandoned the chase you called to the First Lieutenant and asked if there was no way in which we could get in and 'get that fellow'—exhibiting the utmost anxiety to capture and destroy him."

Assistant-Engineers Morrison, M'Murtrie, Fitch, M'Ilvaine, and Brower unite in saying:

"Your energy as displayed on that occasion could certainly not have been questioned by those who were familiar with the circumstances. Every thing was done that could have been done to defeat her intentions, and no exertions were left untried to prevent his entering. The escape of the *Oveto* could not, in our opinion, have been justly attributed to any dereliction of duty on your part while existing circumstances were so favorable to her."

Boatswain Herold, who was aloft, says:

"While they were loosing sails we fired into her, and kept up a continuous fire until she got out of our range. *Several* of *our shot* struck her, though she did not slacken her speed for a moment.... She continued to gain on us rapidly, and, as we were now very close to the ruined light-house on Sand Island, it being now dark, we wore round and returned to the anchorage."

Midshipman Wood says:

"Captain Preble gave orders to go ahead as fast as possible—heard answer returned from engine-room that 'we were doing our best.'.... In fifteen minutes we had increased our elevation from 400 to 1000 yards."

A DREAM.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

I DREAMED last night of an isle of light
Far off in a waveless sea,
And never in Fancy's wildest flight
Came there such dreams to me.
I sailed in a boat like a pearl afloat,
With never a sail nor oar—
A vision so bright ne'er crossed the sight
Of mortal man before.
And at times I thought that I faintly caught
The snatch of a murmured song,
And a strange deep sound encompassed me round
Like the tread of a mighty throng.
Then a land so bright broke on my sight
That my dazzled eyes grew dim;
And the sound of ten thousand harps I heard,
And the tones of a wondrous hymn.
And oh! among the countless throng
That moved on the shining shore
I saw the face of one whom I thought
Had vanished for evermore.
Then I called again that sacred name
That has not left my breath
Since I knelt by the side of an upturned face
In the frozen beauty of Death.
Then all was hushed, and my mad brain rushed
Back to this earth again,
And I woke with a lingering sound in my ears,
That pierced through the gloom of darkening years
And soothed my heart's wild pain.
But oh! when shall I see that waveless sea,
And stand on that shining shore,
And feel the touch of that vanished hand,
And look in those eyes once more?

HELEN CHRISTIAN.

SHE must have hurried to have avoided them, and the stubborn Scotch blood rebelled against that, so Helen Christian kept her leisurely pace and met them just by her own gate. Mary Joceleyn, a girl in mourning, with the look that is called high-bred, and a general air of being unattainable in the very droop of the black plume in her hat, and the sparkle of the jet clasp at her slender waist, passing with a quick, careless bend—her brother Paul, captain in the army, evidently by the interpretation of his shoulder straps, bowing low and glancing back over his shoulder, as they went down the steep road to the river. Nothing very special in such an encounter; yet as the young school-teacher went up the little graveled path, she found that she was trying hard to console something in her mental or moral economy had been hurt and was crying out vigorously. What was it? She stopped to think it over a little before going into the house.

A few rods further on the path stopped short, as any prudent and thinking path would be apt to do, when there was only a low, somewhat shaky paling to keep it from running off into the ravine, that between its steep hurry to reach the river, and the getting entangled in a mass of trees and vines, all pushing and shouldering their way out from the stones and dark and damp to the free air, in most disorderly fashion, looked not of the most inviting. Here was an arbor and a chair (which I suppose I may call rustic, as a barrel with the front half cut away and covered with canvas certainly doesn't smack of Roux's) in which Helen sat down.

There was the fair sweep of river, and the two wooded promontories holding a quiet, fairy bay in their little crescent, and so close on her left hand that she could almost have touched it—the hill, against which her little home leaned, already warming with purple and dusky shades as though nature were trying her hand at coloring and foreshadowing to herself the autumn mosaic that was to come—the hill that she loved, because it was lovingly alive with growing, twining, trailing, rustling, chirping, singing life, and amidst storm and mist, and out of morning flush and unutterable evening splendors looked peacefully down on the solemn convocations of woods, and the lower hills surging up toward it, and the bronzed fields, and the broad roads, like a faithful witness for a truth; but she could hear nothing of the tender hill voices now. She was too busy looking across the sudden slope of their own garden-patch, and the sunken road, the rise on the opposite side, and the clump of maples, to a building set on a hill so that it could not be hid, thrown out against the evening sky large and square and dark, that looked as if it could never have relentings over a little white birdsnest of a cottage cowering under a hill, and was in fact the characteristic residence of the aristocratic Joceleyns; looking with eyes that would not have differed very widely in expression had they been glaring at it from under a red cap and across a barricade of paving stones.

Just then came out, not from the hill-side or floating on a spear of thistle-down, but unprosaically from the kitchen door, a fairy of that gentle domestic sort that puts a little leaven of comfort in every body's baking, and fills up the chinks of every one's shortcomings, with as much bustle as the air makes about being breathed in; Alice, the sickly elder mother-sister of the orphan Helen.

She laid a thin hand on her dreaming sister's shoulder.

"Are you looking at the mountains, dear?"

"Doesn't it seem as if they were the very ramparts of the unseen world, and as if that quivering, burning mass of color was just the glory streaming out from the heavenly gates opened wide?"

"I suppose so—I was not thinking."

"Think now, then; it is so beautiful. I don't believe any painter would dare to give us brown and sienna gleams like those thick strewn in that blue water. See, Helen; it might be the sapphire pavement that the Jewish elders saw under his feet, and that color that lives and burns, and is transparent though massed together, 'the body of the heavens in his clearness.'"

Still Helen looked over at the stone pile that had beaten back the straying sunbeams and dying light, and taken unto itself the shadows, perhaps because of its kind.

"You seem tired; were the children troublesome?" asked her sister after a pause.

"Yes; that is, not very."

"Who was that passing as you came in?"

"Mary and Paul Joceleyn."

"They are fond of the river walk; it is pretty." Helen rose abruptly.

"It is very damp—come in."

"Yes, and you must hurry a little, for I promised Mrs. Simms that you should come there this evening. They have a lint party."

"I don't wish to go."

"Is that your best reason for staying at home? It seems such a shabby one."

"Then it is in keeping with every thing here," burst out Helen. "I am sure we are shabby enough. Just look at your dress and mine!"

"I do, my dear, frequently, and regard them as monuments of art, feminine triumphs over such trifles as time, and the general wear-out-ability of all things human. I assure you, my dear, as you walk about, that dress has quite a *distingué* air; and hath the merino a voice that it should cry aloud, I am of the piece-day and belonged to great Aunt Martha. My flounce is but a delusion and a snare and a vanity altogether for the better hiding of the piece on the bottom, and I am not a well-to-do and prosperous dress, and don't belong to a person in good circumstances."

Thus chattered our good Helen, all unconscious of the vision of drooping plume and sparkling clasp, dainty-broidered handkerchief and trim boot, and their meaning, that was haunting Helen, who in her turn despised herself for paltriness of feeling, and never dreamed that these were but the bubbles on the surface telling of an unsuspected love, and unacknowledged pride doing battle in the depths of her heart.

Sudden glamour had robbed home of its grace—that was all she knew, making every thing to her coarse and mean, even herself. And here came in the true reason of her disinclination for Mrs. Simms and her lint-party, lest she should meet Paul and his sister, and, by comparison, be humbled in her own eyes and his. But despite reluctance she went, for mild Alice was a very Ahasuerus when she thought duty involved, though the face that bent over her basket in the corner was as sober as it was fair. She knew when the Joceleyns came—she heard Paul's voice in the hall, and felt, even in the little room where she sat apart, the flutter in the parlor atmosphere, as Mary Joceleyn rose a full moon on the horizon of Mrs. Simms and company, and in the light of her approval dimpled and glanced the ripples of every one's talk, save the one little Jacobin in her lonely corner.

Amidst the buzzing and chattering Paul, however, was restless—he missed something, and at last slipped out to look for it, found it, as he had half expected, sitting in a quiet that was good to look at, after the parlor flouncing and giggling, with a face cool and veiled in expression indeed, but with wondrous possibilities of depths of light and sweetness that might shine out from under golden-brown lashes, or soften the curves of the mobile mouth; no dimples or bright look for him just then, however, only a somewhat ungracious sweep of the black skirt when she found that he would sit close by her, and a crisp "Good-evening."

"You are retired in your tastes."

"I can work better. The tongue always wins in a race with the fingers."

"Is that a hint to me? Well, I will be good and not talk, only give me something to do."

Helen coolly handed him a bit of linen and went on without a word. Paul bit his lip, looked at the square morsel, turned it round, glanced again at the smileless face near him, pulled out a thread spitefully and broke it, raged inwardly, finally burst out in speech.

"What have I done now?"

"Broken a great many threads apparently."

"Helen, you are— Well, what is it?"

The last half of the sentence being addressed to his sister, who stood coolly scanning them from the door with a look that emphatically denied any other recognition of Helen than as a lint-pulling machine, that was occupying valuable Joceleyn time.

"Paul" (with a slight tinge of impatience sounding sharply through the polite resignation of her tone), "won't you *please* come to the front-room? You are wanted there."

"I really—"

"But, Paul—" beckoning him into the shadow of the hall for a whispered conference. Scarcely was he there when Helen, who was weary, head, fingers, and heart, went at once for hood and shawl, and slipped out without opposition, for, as she said to herself in bitterness of heart, "No one missed her."

She walked fast along the blank, starless road, trying to think her triumph sweet, for just then it seemed to her a most Jephthah-like victory; but fast as she walked some one followed her at even quicker pace, came close behind her, and heard her crying softly to herself, and taking her arm slipped it under his, holding the hand fast in his own. Helen looked up at the tall figure beside her in the dim light, and began to tremble a little.

"Captain Joceleyn!"

"Even so, the military person from whom you ran away, and who pursues his enemies as professionally bound."

"I did not—"

"Hush, Helen! It is time for us to be in earnest. I have something to tell you, only I can not say it out here in the gloom and damp. May I come in when we reach your home?"

Helen's "Certainly" was very faint indeed, and then they walked on to the little door in utter silence. With true girlish inconsistency she had hoped that Alice might be up, and by her presence prevent her hearing what she most wished; but the fire-light was the only thing stirring in the pure, fragrant little room, that, half in shadow, looked all manner of sweet possibilities of fairy hauntings. Alice had left a sofa drawn up by the bright hearth, and there Paul seated himself by the side of Helen, watching her quietly as she threw off her hood and loosened her cloak, the deft white fingers trembling so that it was hard to undo the ribbon at her throat.

She had ventured but one look at his face, and had seen then how thoroughly he was in earnest; for he had her at last, this shy, changeful, elfish, teasing thing, alone and within his very grasp—so close that his breath stirred the knot of ribbon in her hair, and she was neither perverse nor defiant, but shrinking and mutely imploring, and his were no weak fingers through which opportunity might slip.

He commenced coolly enough.

"I don't know as I told you, Helen. I am going back to-morrow afternoon."

"Going back!"

"To the army. I am quite well, and, I think, am needed."

Helen sat mute, only (though it might have been the deceitful light) he fancied that he caught a sudden tremor of the downcast lashes. In vain she tried for an answer—voice and words would not come at her bidding—all the pain and anger of that evening and the desolation of the future were upon her; her eyes were filling fast with tears, her cheeks burned with sudden fever, sobs swelled in her throat. She tried to turn away, but he would not suffer it, but held her close, bending down to look into the very depths of her eyes.

"My darling child! I had begun to fear that you really did not love me. I am so rejoiced. I think now I shall be worth two in battle."

Helen struggled to free herself, not with girlish timidity, but with determination—pushed him quite away, looking toward, but not at him, as he sat, grieved and amazed, saying, in a voice not in the least like her own,

"I do love you, Paul, but this must be the end—this is all."

"All?"

"Yes. It is quite hopeless; so it will be best never to speak of it again."

"Why hopeless? You will wait for me, and, if God spares me, will be my little wife?"

"No."

"Helen!"

"I am quite in earnest. I think I love you well enough, Paul, to die for you; but I could never live for you as the poor girl raised by you against the opposition of your family, and owing rather a life-long debt than love to you. Spare your arguments" (as he was about eagerly to interrupt). "You have surprised my love into confession, but my self-respect is like a rock; you can not shake it."

"Self-respect! You mean pride, to which, in comparison, Moloch was merciful."

"Call it what you will; I am firm in it."

"But you shall not be; I swear it. What! I love you with truth and passion and honor, and for a lifetime, and you let me go on day by day and weave the love and the hope of you in with every pulse of my life, to tell me at the end that you have a love indeed, but so frost-bitten with pride that it shall profit neither you nor me!"

"The Christians are a stubborn race," answered Helen, pale and cool. "If it comes to a contest of wills—"

"Yours will be overborne. Not because I am a despot, but because I have truth and right with me, as sooner or later you shall acknowledge; for be it one year, or two, or three, you will one day fling your pride in the dust, where it should be, and listen only to your love, cold and calculating as you are now."

With which he left her.

"Cold and calculating!" that was his good-night; his adieu also, for he made no further effort to see her; but having thus firmly and finally vindicated dignity, and the much-vaunted "self-respect," it is to be presumed that Helen, notwithstanding, was quite happy, though it was a kind of happiness on which she grew thin and spiritless; and Alice sadly noted that her only interest now was at reading-paper-time, perhaps because therein were often chronicled the doings of a certain Captain Joceleyn, who was a veritable Sir Launcelot, and was continually volunteering for desperate services, anxious, apparently, to be rid of life as fast as possible.

Truth was, she was always dreaming about the sounding of a certain step on the walk, and the appearing of a bronzed face and a uniform in the door, though why I can hardly tell, as, by her own showing, such appearance must have been hopeless; and at last the dream was fulfilled. She heard the step, caught the gleam of an epaulet, heard a voice not altogether familiar ask for Miss Christian, and rushed out to meet—a stranger.

She shrank back dismayed.

"I think there is some mistake."

"Not if you are Miss Christian—Miss Helen Christian; that is the name on this package that I promised to bring you."

He was holding out to her a little parcel, tied, sealed, and addressed to herself. She knew the handwriting, she knew also when and why parcels like that were sent. There was a ring—she had seen it often enough before—a cornelian shield bearing the Joceleyn arms, and a note, clearly written and brief enough:

"Though in life you would have none of me, yet now perhaps you will wear my ring in remembrance; and when you look at it, believe that I loved you so well that, had I lived, you must have learned in time (hard as you are) to love me as well as you now love yourself."

She read it through once and again. Her face wore a strained, ghastly look, it is true; but then it was hard to breathe. She was not very sorry, after all—how could she be, when she could not even feel? So she simply said.

"He is dead, then?"

"I hope not—I think not; it was only a bullet through the cheek, gotten when we were charging over the bridge!" was the eager answer. "But he was down, and the rebels were close upon us; probably he is a prisoner, though Heaven knows what chance a wounded man has in their hands!"

So that was the end; for though others hoped (they said his proud mother and sister did), she knew better—she was sure that he was dead. And now the village talk began to run on Helen Christian and her altered looks.

One day, lying on the sofa—where she was always of late—she saw Alice smiling to herself and singing.

"You are very gay," she said, reproachfully.

"I am very glad!"

"Of what?"

Alice came and kneeled down by the sofa, smoothing away the soft hair and touching her lips to the wide forehead.

"Of what should I be glad, my darling? Could any thing make me glad in which my sister had not a share?"

"I—what is there for me, unless—but that is impossible."

Alice smiled.

Helen started up.

"Alice! do you want to kill me—what do you mean by smiling? Is he living? is he here? is he waiting?"

"You poor child, no! he is living, but they don't speak very hopefully of him. His wound was not so severe, but he was taken prisoner, half starved, and wholly neglected by the rebels. He has only been home two days."

"He *is* there, then."

"Yes; but what are you doing?" for Helen was up and tying on her bonnet.

"I am going to him, Alice, to show him how, for his sake, I can trample under foot the self that he said I loved better than him, and that were it listened to, would die before it would endure what I must."

"But Helen, think, they will not let you see him."

"Alice, I will see him."

And with that look not a doubt but she would. Stronger barriers than the wide doors of Joceleyn House, and stouter than their pride, have yielded again and again before such eyes and lips of determination. So now, when she was told that Captain Joceleyn could see no one, she only answered, "I must see him!" and stepped in. Mary Joceleyn came out into the hall with a darkening face as she recognized Helen.

"Miss Christian, my brother is very sick and can not receive visitors."

"I am not a visitor. I came to nurse him."

"We are more than obliged, but my mother and I have spoken for that office."

"Still I will see him!" cried Helen, with sudden passion, and her voice ringing out sharply caught the ear of Mrs. Joceleyn, who was passing through the hall. Mary, more than half cowed, turned and called to her.

"Mother, will you come here? This is *that* Helen Christian, and she insists on seeing Paul."

"Hush! Mary. Miss Christian, I am very sorry, but my son is quite unable to bear the excitement of seeing any one at present. It is really impossible."

The cool, polite scorn was sharper-edged than Mary's anger, and reddening Helen turned to go, then turned back again.

"I will not go. Don't you see I can not?" she exclaimed. "How dare you coolly measure out misery to others when you have not yet done with life yourself? How can you, who look so like Paul, be so hard to one whom he loves? Could I help it if he loved me? Could I help loving him back? Ask your own heart if my love is not true and real, when I, who rejected him from very pride, stand here now begging admittance of you as if it were an alms. If you have no pity for me, yet show some for your son, for, grant it ever so intolerable and humiliating a fact, yet he does love me, and I—oh! I will see him, do what you like."

Mother and daughter stood aghast. Serenity and conventionality were the decent Lares that presided over all Joceleyn arrangements, propriety the spell with which they conjured. They would know as well how to parley with an escaped tiger as with this pale, wild-eyed girl, so vulgarly in earnest, and reckless enough even for a scene—thing unheard of in the House of Joceleyn.

"It can do no harm," said Mrs. Joceleyn, at length, "and it may comfort him. Miss Christian, you can come with me."

Helen followed, trembling and totally unnerved now that her point was gained. With the air of one going to the stake Mrs. Joceleyn led the way to Paul's bedside.

"Paul, here is some one to see you!"

Paul turned a hopeless face that smote Helen with sharp self-reproach, looked with incredulous eyes, glowed suddenly with joy almost too great to be borne, caught both her hands and held them with something of the old strength.

"Oh, Helen, you have come at last! Now I shall live!"

She bent down and kissed him.

"I have come. I have flung my pride in the dust, as you said I would, Paul."

"And you will stay?"

"I will."

"Take off your hat, then. I want to be sure."

She threw it off at once.

"Think, Paul!" said his mother, unable longer to keep silent; "there is something more in life than a pretty face, of which you will sicken soon enough. An ancient and honorable name demands something of you. No Joceleyn before you has made a mésalliance!"

Paul only tightened his feeble grasp.

"You will not mind them?"

"No; not even words like that shall move me."

Paul looked at his mother.

"You hear. You see how useless it would be to oppose. If I live she shall be my wife; living or dying I can love only her. Won't you be kind to her for my sake? It will be better for me than all your drugs."

Mrs. Joceleyn was only human; also here came in play reasoning peculiarly adapted to the grasp of the Joceleyn mind.

There was no doubting Paul's infatuation. That granted, arose the query, whether the patronizing and paternal attitude, or a useless, red-faced, scolding opposition were the most dignified, that is to say, the most Joceleyn-like.

The decision may be guessed, as I hear Paul (who is convalescent) is to be married next week to Helen from the old Joceleyn House, and that Mrs. Joceleyn has the trousseau in charge.

MY TREASURE.

I have a treasure. What is it, say,
  O lady fair, O lady fair?
Is it a mirror to shine all day,
  Or pearls to braid my brown, brown hair?

A diamond buckle to clasp my shoon;
  A satin robe—like the glistening crest
Of the lake that ripples under the moon
  Zoned with rubies beneath my breast?

Is it a castle, with broad fair lands;
  A magic purse of caged red gold,
Whose swelling meshes within my hands
  Exhaustless store of riches hold?

Is it some wondrous beauty-charm,
  To steep my lips in brilliant dyes,
To mantle my neck in tresses warm,
  And tint my cheek and light my eyes?

Is it a crown and a throne of state,
  And a wand to wave o'er subjects leal,
With mailèd guards at my palace-gate,
  And a royal will to say and seal?

I tell thee, no: it is none of these,
  O lady fair, O lady fair!
But a little babe upon my knees
  To toss and pull my brown, brown hair.

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